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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the Styles *of* Addison, Johnson, *and* Goldsmith.

Sir,

Of things not to be compared, we often attempt the comparison, by forcing them into fanciful analogies; and when the diversities are too repugnant to coalesce, we strive to establish an absolute superiority, where only a relative one can be maintained.

It is in this manner that superficial writers amuse themselves with comparisons between the styles of *Addison, Johnson,* and *Goldsmith*; but with what propriety, every one knows who has read those authors with critical discrimination.

I am not quite certain whether, what is called style, be not wholly modelled by the power of genius: whether every man, whose mind is comprehensive, and whose faculties of perception are original and acute, does not create to himself a peculiar style or mode of expression. As we find that the conversation of men differs according to the degrees of their intellectual power, so may their written language; and if this be true, it is idle to compare the diction of equally celebrated writers. It should be estimated abstractedly.

Perhaps one of the leading features of genius is the power of forming for itself its own language. No imitator is destined to celebrity. Let us recal the works of our truly great authors, and we shall find that they have all a manner distinct from each other.

He who thinks forcibly, will seek correspondent expressions: he who wanders only upon the surface of thought, will be content with common language. A giant cannot move in the trammels of a dwarf: a lofty imagination will never stoop beneath its height.

That peculiarity of diction which belongs to an original writer is the result of labour facilitated by habit. He was first conscious of his mode of thought, and then endeavoured to make his language correspondent. What he does always, every writer does sometimes, when he rises above or sinks below the general tenor of his subject, and exalts or depresses his language accordingly.

Instead, therefore, of comparing the styles of three writers so individually different as *Addison, Johnson,* and *Goldsmith,* it would be more beneficial to critical knowledge to ascertain the respective qualities of each. Let me attempt it.

When *Addison* wrote, the prose language of this country had not received stability of form. *Dryden* indeed had written very elegantly in prose; yet not without such puerilities as would not now be found in a newspaper essay. The prose of *Temple* is often feeble; and that of *Shaftsbury* turgid. *Sprat,* whom *Johnson* praises with such profusion in his life of *Cowley,* was, notwithstanding, weak and prolix.

Addison therefore had not to ascend very high to outstrip his predecessors; and he seems indeed to have been contented with a slender pre-eminence. The term *elegant* has usually been applied to *Addison,* as expressive of his style; but a style merely elegant, without vigour, without a decided character, and without warmth, must be, generally, very insipid.

In the structure of his sentences, *Addison* is often negligent, as may be seen in the critical analysis which *Blair* has given of some of his papers.

We are told indeed by some of his biographers, that he wrote slowly, and corrected with great assiduity and anxiety; if he did, he probably refined the rough stamp of his first composition away, and left a weakly debilitated mass of artificial formation.

In reading the essays of *Addison*, I am never arrested by any sudden elevation, by any harmonious collocation of sentences, or by any happy application of words. He writes in one even tenor, and must therefore sometimes fail in preserving a necessary conformity between his style and his matter.

He is not scrupulous in his adoption of words. Such as were most readily obtained, he used, and it is not asserting too much to say, that not a paragraph of *Addison*'s could be selected in which the language shall be unsusceptible of improvement. As far indeed as verbal accuracy is to be considered, he must be regarded as inferior to many present anonymous writers for a magazine or newspaper. Examples in support of this assertion I can produce, if to produce them be thought necessary.

The great excellence of *Addison*, as an essayist, is the propriety of his thoughts upon serious and elevated topics, and his wit and humour upon meaner ones. When he is gay and spritely, we have seldom reason to complain of his diction; it is then, and then only, that it possesses that due conformity to the subject, which is the perfection of writing. It seems to flow naturally from him: and when we consider how nearly allied some of his lighter lucubrations are to the common tenor of common conversation, we are surprised to learn that he was so inferior in colloquial excellence. This must have arisen from the slow combination of thought: in words he could scarcely be deficient: but he could not readily bring to immediate application the stores he possessed; and, as conversation is a state of quick and instantaneous interchange of ideas, the moment that is lost to reply, is lost for ever.

The transition from the style of *Addison* to that of *Johnson*, is like passing from the coldly elegant scenes of *Racine* to the fiery eloquence of *Shakspeare*. *Johnson* impressed upon his language what, in my opinion, every writer of original genius must do, the qualities of his own mind.—As he thought with dignity, he wrote so.—As he felt confidence in his own powers, his language was bold, energetic, and decisive.—As his knowledge was desultory, his periods were sententious.

For the purposes of moral inculcation the style of *Johnson* is excellent. He enforces his precepts in language which commands attention: he compresses his sentiments into short and weighty sentences, that assume the force of maxims. The expressions he adopts are those which best convey his meaning and at the same time stamp it on the mind of the reader.

As *Addison* could not ascend, so *Johnson* could not descend. He never trifles, or if he attempts it, he moves in fetters. The easy natural diction of common narrative, the spritely interchange of colloquial vivacity, or the adaptation of language to an assumed character, he could not attain. Whatever he wrote, bore the impress of his own mind. In *Rasselas*, Imlac and the waiting maid, the robber and the philosopher, all speak a kindred language.

But to provide mere amusement is an inferior effort of the mind. *Johnson* aspired higher, and attained to what he aspired. He left the subordinate offices of literature to subordinate claimants, and advanced himself to the important charge of a teacher of moral wisdom.

If it be allowed that where we would instruct, we must first excite attention, then it cannot be denied that the style of *Johnson* is admirably fitted to effect its purpose. No man can read him with a vagrant mind. As in society, we find that persons of a grave aspect, deliberate utterance, and forceful expression, obtain, and, as it were, force respect and attention even from the thoughtless and the dissipated, so the language of *Johnson* chains the mind down to its subject, and forbids it to trifle with its pages.

Such is the ordinary character of *Johnson*'s style; but it can sometimes

ascend higher, and awaken in the mind passions of a higher cast. Though pathos was not his peculiar province, yet he is often highly pathetic; nor would it be impossible to select instances of sublimity from his writings.

Let me add that, as an essayist, I prefer *Johnson* to *Addison*.

I come now to speak of *Goldsmith*, who may boldly take his place by the side of those already mentioned, nor fear diminution by comparison.—*Goldsmith* was certainly formed upon the school of *Addison*; but he had all the excellencies without the defects of his master. In wit and humour he was nothing inferior, and in the power of occasional elevation he was much superior.

A judicious critic *(Cumberland)*, speaking of the language of *Goldsmith*, says, "there is something in *Goldsmith*'s prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious: it is clear, simple, easy to be understood: we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows: obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it."

Part of this praise may be given also to *Addison*; but part of it belongs exclusively to *Goldsmith*.

Here, also, is another instance of a man excelling in the charms of a plain and natural diction on paper, yet absolutely incompetent to carry on rational conversation. It was usual for *Goldsmith* to say of himself that he always argued best, and always got the victory when he argued alone.—No man, in fact, wrote more wisdom or talked more folly than poor *Oliver*.

I think *Goldsmith* excells all writers in our country in the power of giving appropriate language to fictitious personages. He embraced a wider sphere of literary exertion than *Addison*, and has afforded consequently greater proofs of the extent of his capacity. In his essays we find many narratives, the dramatic part of which is excellently supported. The character of *Mr. Tibbs* is finished with exquisite accuracy.

In the structure of his sentences he has greater harmony and greater variety than *Addison*: in his language he is more select. He does not offend so often by colloquial phrases or obsolete combinations. His prose is not so feeble nor so coldly regular. In felicity of expression, when intended to convey a plain and simple idea, or a natural emotion of common minds, he is perhaps unequalled.

A very conspicuous merit of Goldsmith's prose is the lucid arrangement of his sentences. Every word, and every period, appears to be just where it ought to be. We have no evidence that he composed slowly, or that he laboured much to correct what he had once written; and such perspicuous arrangement is therefore the more remarkable in a man whose ideas in conversation were so perplexed and confused.

Harmony, simplicity, clearness, and propriety in relation to the matter, are the predominant qualities of *Goldsmith*'s general style; but as he was also capable of elevation, we may add to the above, occasional dignity and energy of language. As a model to be studied, I should prefer it to *Addison*'s, for it is more chaste.

In delivering these opinions, I am not ignorant that I oppose the general voice; and the cant of criticism has long been in favour of the *elegant* Addison, whom, on the score of language, it will be seen I estimate below both *Johnson* and *Goldsmith*.—With *Johnson* indeed he has no more right to be compared than Milton and Shakspeare; but with *Goldsmith* the propriety is defensible, for there is some analogy between them. The lapse of half a century, however, during which the English language had been gradually refining, afforded the latter opportunities for excellence which were denied to his predecessor. To a Shakspeare only it is given to anticipate the progress of time. In adverting to this, however, I only advert to the probable cause of *Goldsmith*'s superiority, while the truth of that superiority remains unquestionable.

By inserting these observations, you will much oblige,

Sir, Your's, &c.

M.

London, Sept. 9, 1808.

SOURCE OF A POETICAL IMAGE IN GRAY.

Sir,

THAT Gray confessed many of his imitations, by quoting, in the form of notes, those passages from other poets of which he had copied either the very expression or the idea, is known to every reader of him; but that he also sometimes borrowed without any acknowledgement, is also known. This may have been unconsciously, for he who reads much will find the ideas of others imperceptibly mingle with his own, and he will often use the former with the persuasion of their being his own property. I know not, however, whether such was the case in the following instance, and indeed the expression copied by Gray is too highly figurative to suppose that it was.—Gray, in his "Ode to Spring," has the following lines:

> Lo! where the *rosy bosomed hours*,
> Fair Venus' train, appear,
> Disclose the long expected flowers
> And wake the purple year.

And Milton, in his "Comus," the following, from which it is evident that Gray borrowed the most picturesque expression in the preceding:

> Along the crisped shades and bowers
> Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
> The graces and the *rosy bosom'd hours*
> Thither all their bounties bring.

For my own part, indeed, I am even of opinion that the entire stanza of Gray was suggested by the above lines of Milton; for the same strain of imagery runs through both.

I remain, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

Hampstead, Aug. 31, 1808.

LETTER XVI.—ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE POOR.

WHEN a private individual attacks the prevailing abuses, and the corruptions, which too often accompany the expenditure of public money, he may expect that those who are immediately interested in the practice, and those who are looking forward in hopes of partaking of the spoil, as well as those who either through incapacity or indifference have never given themselves any trouble on the subject, will, one and all, exclaim against what they call innovations.

It is certainly much easier to go on smoothly with the current opinion of the day, than to inquire attentively into the probability or improbability of success, or miscarriage, by adopting new schemes, or continuing obstinately in old ones.

To examine attentively the plans of speculative men; to discover whether they are calculated to correct old errors, or to prevent new evils; is attended with trouble: but the first rational step, towards a remedy, is to endeavour to discover the cause of the disease.

If that source of information contained in the returns of the parish officers to parliament had been carefully searched by our legislators, they might have found many strong symptoms of error and mismanagement, and perhaps of peculation; and a preventive might have been devised to check them. It is evident that parochial affairs are not always conducted with the soundest wisdom and prudence, by what I have mentioned in a preceding Letter, of the saving of eleven parishes in the county of Kent, since their uniting and building a house for the reception of their paupers.

In this I purpose to exhibit, in the following Table, a further proof, extracted from the returns of several parishes in the same county; which will place, in a striking point of view, the necessity of having some place for the reception of those who are too idle and worthless to endeavour to get their own living. This I shall do regardless of what may be said by many theoretic gentlemen, who have too hastily concluded that their *ipse dixit* could not be controverted with any probability of success, when they asserted that it was a loss of three shillings weekly to the public for every pauper sent to a workhouse.

THE TABLE.

NAMES OF PARISHES.	Sums advanced to Out-Poor.			Regular Pensioners in each Parish	How much paid to each of them.		Occasional Pensioners.	The supposed Sums they receive		Supposed Vagrants, at 2s. each.	Population of each Parish.	Paupers relieved in each Parish in proportion to the Population.
	l.	*s.*	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*			
Hoath	196	16	3¾	12	4	5	41	0	6	..	271	1,5
Swalecliff	181	14	11	13	3	11	40	0	6	..	99	4,8
Westbeer	110	8	0¾	10	3	2	23	0	6	4	164	4
Nackington	179	17	3	14	3	7	23	0	6	..	124	3,1
Ashurst	112	4	1	18	2	3	5	0	6	..	102	4,4
Capel	549	13	8	20	3	0	137	1	6	4	314	1,9
Hawkhurst	1909	16	6½	238	2	10	79	1	0	6	1742	5,3
Appledore	260	0	10	15	6	8	4	1	0	2	384	18,7
Kenardington	178	8	10	21	3	0	7	1	0	1	171	5
Graveney	315	17	5	12	8	7	18	1	0	7	152	4,1
Shadoxhurst	217	0	0	11	6	8	10	1	0	1	188	8,5
Hearnhill	313	12	3	21	5	4	8	1	0	3	359	3
Little Chart	285	16	9¾	13	4	9	22	1	0	..	217	4
Great Chart	217	1	4¼	43	1	7	10	1	0	5	544	9,3
Kennington	172	13	6	22	2	6	10	1	0	4	314	8,7
Hothfield	298	16	4	14	6	5	25	1	0	56	355	3,4
Kingsnorth	456	0	0	48	3	1	24	1	0	10	456	3,5
Sevington	145	10	11	22	1	4	24	1	0	..	445	8,7
Hartlip	327	1	4	12	10	8	10	1	0	2	121	13,5
Milstead	121	4	0	12	3	6	4	1	0	1	189	14,1
Tong	377	14	10	27	4	1	23	1	0	..	164	5,4
Fairfield	274	18	6	8	11	2	16	1	0	5	34	1,1
Allington	569	7	10	17	7	4	16	1	0	5	504	18,2
Orleston	155	12	9	16	3	5	5	1	0	1	209	6
Snargate	160	0	0	11	5	3	2	1	0	36	71	1,6
Bilingston	274	6	7	17	4	6	29	1	0	1	213	4,5
Newchurch	263	7	6	9	11	4	3	1	0	4	811	54,5
Ruckings	619	0	0	15	14	8	17	1	0	4	136	4,3
Ebony	300	1	7	18	6	0	6	1	0	..	301	12,5
Silling	264	14	10	17	5	1	13	1	0	28	361	6,4
Ash near Ridley	256	15	9	21	3	2	32	1	0	1	472	10,5
Wilmington	259	3	11	32	2	1	29	1	0	19	520	6,5
Charlton, near Woolwich	267	18	4	10	9	7	6	1	0	15	747	24
Lee	234	9	0	130	0	8	3	0	3	6	379	2,6
Mottingham	140	9	0	13	3	1	14	1	0	1	75	2,6
Kempsing	274	14	0	19	5	2	6	1	0	12	326	8,7

This Table shews, at sight; the sums expended in each parish for the support of the out-poor of each denomination, as mentioned at the head of the columns; and how much each pauper receives weekly from the public purse. I have supposed that the average amount which the occasional poor received, might, with some few exceptions I have mentioned, be one shilling a week; and the non-parishioners only two shillings each person.

The population of each parish is

also shewn, and the proportion of the paupers to the whole number of the inhabitants, including children and adults, male and female. The table contains most of the principal parishes in the county, which have not any house for the reception of their poor; it cannot therefore be said that they have been selected to place them in an unfavourable light. By averaging the sums paid weekly to the regular pensioners, it will appear that they received weekly about four shillings and three-pence each person. The sums paid to the regular pensioners amount to more than it costs for provision and clothing (besides the loss of labour) for a pauper in any well-regulated workhouse in the kingdom. This fact will speak for itself; and if there be any truth in the returns made to parliament, it will be in vain for speculative men to controvert it.

Writers on political economy ought to beware how they advance their surmises on idle conjectures; and above all, our legislators ought to take care, lest they should be deceived by building on their baseless opinions, for it is plainly seen by the table, that there is but little prospect of success in easing the public burdens by abolishing workhouses, but it will be an infallible method of increasing it.

When we find parishes relieving one person in two, one in three, one in four, and upwards, of their whole population, and many of them constantly receiving from three to ten, and some even fourteen shillings weekly; is it not a convincing proof that parochial business hath been badly managed?

I have heard a great deal said by men whose abilities and knowledge I respect, that the best feelings in the human breast are benumbed and destroyed by sending persons to a workhouse; and I have known, by what I have seen, that all those tender sensations are dead before they are sent there.

This is not the only mistaken notion which hath been propagated; for it hath lately been said of the house at Shrewsbury, "That though there be visible signs of good living, by the number of sheep and oxen slain for the inhabitants, yet they bring up a puny race of children, neither fit for the plough, the helm, or the musket." If children well fed in a workhouse are compared with those who are half famished in a cottage, we may judge by the plump, ruddy, and cheerful countenance of him who hath a sufficient quantity of food in his youth, that he will make a more robust man, than one who is shrivelled, pale faced, and stinted for want of nourishment.

There is one fact in the table so evident that it is almost needless to mention it; which is, that parochial business hath long been placed in improper hands, or there never could have been so great a disproportion in the relief granted to paupers in different parishes, where the price of provisions must have been nearly the same. If there were no extraordinary cases of sickness, the sums given were beyond all proportion, and more especially when they were general throughout a whole parish. If a magistrate orders such relief, it is known that he must be obeyed; and if an overseer thinks proper to allow it, who can controul him? for as business is conducted, it will not appear in his accounts: we may rest assured that abuse and corruption will follow close in the footsteps of unlimited power. If a parochial officer be qualified to discharge the duties of his station, he must frequently submit to the absolute fiat of a justice in a corporate town, who is a retailer of many articles in constant use, and in case he makes any resistance to an illegal order, means will soon be devised to make him quit his station in disgust. It is impossible that any one can reflect on the consequences, when they place unlimited power in such hands.

When cities and towns first received charters of liberties, and emancipation from slavery (for they were coeval with each other), and had *sacha et socha* granted to them, they were then empowered to try their own criminals, to compel every freeman to pay his part towards discharging that species of feudal service they had stipulated to perform, and to keep the peace in their own franchises. In their charters, their power was limited, but for many years past it hath been extended, by statute

succeeding statute, till there is no appeal from their decisions in many cases.

If we consider the present state of society, and how public business is frequently conducted, we cannot be surprised that, if between interest on the one hand, and indifference on the other, taxation should be so rapidly increasing upon us. It cannot be otherwise; and if we are expecting any melioration, we are hoping against hope.

When we see both the letter and the spirit of the poor laws enacted in the reign of Elizabeth perverted, by granting pensions to idle, drunken, and disorderly persons, able to work and maintain themselves, there is nothing more to be expected than what hath already happened, and that will follow as a natural consequence.

They who see the evils, and how widely they are extending, they are for laying the axe to the root of them, by gradually abolishing the whole code of the poor laws; and they seem to despair of any remedy without it. If we are placed in this situation—*Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim*, our case must be dreadful indeed.

If we totally abolish parochial taxation, by repealing the statutes, can we insert a clause to divest us of our feelings? or of our humanity? which have long been the boast of Englishmen. How long will it be before we can bear, like a Neapolitan, to behold, with indifference, the worn-out traveller of life, the sick, and the lame, dying, and dead in our streets? How long will it be before we can harden ourselves to pass, with unconcern, an affectionate mother, with her half-famished infant, soliciting, for the sake of God and the love of Christ, a morsel of bread to save the helpless innocent from perishing in her arms? An habitation in the desert would be preferable to society, if we could not move without having our sensibility assailed with such deplorable sights. It will then be in vain to boast of our hospitals for lying-in women, and our asylums for orphans and foundlings, if we have no provision to prevent thousands from perishing for want of food and shelter.

It hath been considered that six, or at most twelve months, are sufficient to warn all young persons,—That children, born either within or without the pale of matrimony, after the notice given, should not be provided for by the public.

If this scheme should ever be adopted by the legislature in the present state of morals, it will certainly check population, by more ways than one; and if it does not prevent children coming into the world, it will hasten them out of it.

As a further preventive to marriage, it hath been proposed, that the clergyman should be obliged to give a young and a loving couple a lecture on prudence; and to point out to them the probability of their involving themselves and their offspring in poverty, when they come to be married; as it may prevent them from taking such a precipitate step.

They who think that a cold lecture, pointing out distant evils, which may never happen, will kill the ardour of an affectionate couple at such a moment, they have surely outlived the remembrance of passed times, or they never would have advised such a paltry expedient to check population, and ease the public burden.

To suppose that parochial assessments may be abolished in England, because they have none in Scotland, is equally weak. A people trained up from their infancy to feed on rye and oaten cakes, and to quench their thirst at the flowing stream, they may be satisfied with their cheap and homely diet, as they have never been accustomed to the modes of living which are now become habitual to the labouring class of people in South Britain.

When their regiments of militia return to the North, after feeding in England on the best wheaten bread and beef to the full, and after having tasted freely of the produce of the brewery and the still, it will then be seen whether their education will controul their appetites, and whether they will return to their former habits, to maintain a family without any help.

If speculative men cannot agree in devising new expedients to ease our parochial burdens, is this any reason why our legislators should not endeavour to prevent abuses, by appointing proper persons to superintend the expenditure of the public fund, to correct evils, and to be amenable to a higher authority for any wilful neglect of duty? They might with safety advance further, and enact that there should be a marked distinction between the treatment of the idle and the worthless, and the sober and the industrious; for it never was intended that such persons should live upon the sweat of others, by any law; though custom hath now familiarized it to us.

We may drive off the evil day a little longer, or till those who can no longer subsist upon the scanty pittance which is left them after their taxes are paid; for they will soon be compelled to seek for relief, and sink into the mass of paupers; and then the esquire of the parish and the farmers must bear the whole of the village burden.

It appears by the foregoing table that this period is already nearly arrived in some parishes in Kent; and if an inquiry be made, it will probably be found so in many others; and admitting that we have much wealth, we have great poverty ready to devour it.

Mr. G. CRABBE *on a* PLAN *for editing an* ENGLISH DICTIONARY *under the Direction of a* SOCIETY.

SIR,

HAVING observed of late proposals from different quarters for publishing an improved Dictionary of the English Language, I feel myself induced to offer my sentiments on this subject, which I request the favour of communicating to the public through the medium of your highly-esteemed miscellany. It must be acknowledged by all, that a work of this nature is, in a peculiar manner, a national concern; that it ought to be at once the repository and standard for the literature of a people; that it derives its whole importance from the extent and degree of confidence which it enjoys from the public; and that it should not be undertaken by any one from light and frivolous motives.

Instead, therefore, of multiplying the rash attempts of individuals, to effect what surpasses the powers of any one man, and thus crowding on the world several ponderous works of the same kind, no one of which is complete; I cannot help thinking, that if those who have directed their attention to philological pursuits would unite themselves into a society, similar to the French Academy, the labours and opinions of many might be so combined as to give solidity, consistency, and authority to the whole. In this case, I should recommend that one or two at most should be the principal labourers; that the rest should be contributors, revisers, and correctors; that a certain portion, when prepared, should be revised, at stated periods, by the society, once, twice, or oftener, as might be found necessary; and that nothing be admitted for publication unsanctioned by the majority.

As this is at present only a general proposition, I have only to add, that, as soon as I have published the third part of the "Preceptor and his Pupils" (which will be a preparatory work on the force and signification of English words, for the use of schools) I intend to offer a specimen of what I conceive to be a proper analysis of words for the purpose of a Dictionary; and should my views meet the approbation of the public, I shall willingly submit the result of my labours to the decision of such a literary tribunal.

Your's, &c.

GEORGE CRABBE.

LETTER *from* F——C G——N, *to* H. R. W—N—Y, *Esq. Bengal, Jan.* 14, 1801.

SIR,

THE following letter was written by a young gentleman, a student at Oxford, to his friend and relation in the East Indies, who held there a high and responsible situation. It was the first of a projected correspon-

dence of "no common nature;" and unhappily it was the last, for the lamented author of it sunk into an early grave. It was shewn to me some years ago by the person to whom it was addressed, and I was permitted to make a copy of it. I know also, that in now making it public, I shall not violate any wish of its possessor: and when it is considered that the writer was in his nineteenth year, perhaps you will not think it unworthy a place in your Magazine.

I remain, &c.

London, Sept. 4. AMICUS.

THE balm of friendship is conversation. It expands the mind, rectifies the passions, and enlarges the heart. When friends meet, they feel a new life, an ideal existence, which exalts them to a higher sphere. In shaking off the trammels which custom and society have imposed upon them, they breathe a spirit of liberty, not to say enthusiasm, which dignifies and enobles the objects of their discourse. Unbiassed by the dread of criticism, unrestrained by the fantastic apprehension of verbal inaccuracies, or phraseological inelegancies, the rich stream of genuine thought pours along, and embraces in its vivid association of things, all that can interest the passions or correct the heart.

If then, my dear ——, such are the supreme pleasures of conversation, independently of the advantages which must result from the collision of refined intellect, how is it that cruel fate has thrown such an irremeable bar between us? Years must glide away, heroes perish, and kings themselves be no more, ere fortune again will give you to my arms. I too may be numbered with those who sleep in eternity ere that day shall arrive. Yet, let not the dread of what *may* happen, enervate our minds; let us, while we can, enjoy life, and think of death only as an inevitable fate, but with a mind prepared to meet its summons at any hour.

I remember, when last we parted, the ardent wish you expressed, that an epistolary correspondence, of no common nature, should be maintained between us. Well do I recall to mind your words:—"By this, my dear friend, may we see each other, though seas divide us; by this may we dive into the secrets of each other's heart, and read its inmost thoughts; dwell with admiration on its virtues, with sorrow on its woes; shed tears for dangers escaped, breathe sigh for sigh at losses unforeseen;

> Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
> And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
> POPE."

Yes, my ——, I now sit down to commence that correspondence, to enjoy intellectually thy valued conversation, to profit by thy advice, and to be enlightened by thy wisdom; that wisdom which offends not by its pedantry, but which seeks only to make men wiser and more virtuous. Suspect not my pen of adulation. I reverence your genius, and esteem the qualities of your heart. I would not by injudicious commendation swell you into vanity, could I for a moment suppose your mind so weak, or your pride so excessive, as to make you the dupe of your own merit. I will not affect to say that you are indifferent to praise; to be so, you must be more or less than man; the most noble or philanthropic actions, which have dignified history or embellished poetry, yet gave an additional gratification to those who performed them, when accompanied with the applauses of mankind. You must, however, allow me the pleasure of telling you, that in *your* mind praise is a subordinate consideration; and is pleasing only when it follows an act of virtue and utility.

After this compliment to your understanding, I think I may with safety conclude. You will not say I am jealous of the high reputation you enjoy, when even my pen unites its humble endeavours to convince you of your excellence. To some how easy would be the task! Indeed, the only difficulty would be to persuade them that they are really *men*. But here let me stop, lest my subject involuntarily lead me to a greater offence. Adieu.

Believe me to be,

Unfeignedly your's.

Oxford, Jan. 14, 1801. F—c G—n.

PROPOSED EMENDATION *of a* PASSAGE *in* HAMLET.

Sir,

I AM much pleased with those light disquisitions on subjects of polite literature, which occasionally appear in the pages of your Magazine. Being short, they are soon dispatched, and being upon familiar topics, they have a general interest.

Perhaps, however, I should have offered with reluctance a new reading in Shakspeare, were it not that I perceive you monthly present a quantum of *Annotations*, in which, at least, parallel passages are often happily produced. Shakspeare has suffered and has been benefited by his commentators: and, though they have done much in the way of explanation, yet they have not done all, as I hope to prove in the following remarks.

When *Ophelia* is being buried, *Laertes* asks, "What ceremony else?" To this the priest replies,

> "Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
> As we have warranty: her death was doubtful:
> And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
> She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
> Till the last trumpet: for charitable pray'rs
> Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;
> Yet here she is allowed her virgin *crants*,
> Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
> Of bell and burial."

Upon the word *crants* in the above, the commentators observe it is corrupted from *chants*, which is the true word.

With all the deference of speculative criticism, I would suggest whether *crants* be not the proper word, and which word is derived from the Teutonic or German *kranz*, which signifies a *garland* or *wreath*. If so, and my own opinion is decidedly in favour of it, the meaning of the priest will then be, that instead of shards, flints, pebbles, &c. she is now allowed her maiden strewments, her virgin *crants*, i. e. the flowers or wreaths, which it was formerly the custom to scatter over the grave of a virgin. I believe indeed it is still retained in catholic countries.

I do not consider this as a fanciful emendation, but one in which the text seems to me to bear me out: and if you are of the same opinion, you will greatly oblige me by inserting it in your Magazine; and

Coventry, *Sept. 5*, 1808. I remain, &c. X. Y.

On the INSTINCT *of* DOGS, *and an* ACCOUNT *of a* REMARKABLE DOG. (*Translated from a foreign work.*)

For the Universal Magazine.

SUCH is the depravation of the human species that it is often compelled to seek, beyond its own limits, as well the example as the habitual practice of the most necessary virtues. Would we possess an incorruptible guardian, a faithful and disinterested companion, a friend whom adversity cannot alienate, we must not turn to man, for if we do, we shall only excite useless regret: regret to think that we must efface these estimable virtues from the history of society, or at most be content to recal peculiar instances, and admire them as something extraordinary, without however attempting to render them less rare.

But, on the contrary, a numerous species of animals present themselves, rich in the requisite gifts of sentiment, and happy in preserving them, without reserve, for the use of man, who too often only abuses them, and seldom ennobles them by appropriating them to himself. The proof which we have daily of the intelligence of dogs is, to every reflecting mind, a subject of astonishment and admiration; and no feeling heart can be insensible to the marks of constancy and attachment which they unceasingly lavish on us.

"I have seen," says Montaigne, in his *naïf* but philosophic language, "a dog, conducting a blind man by the side of a ditch in the city, leave a plain and even path and take a worse, in order to remove his master from the ditch. How could this dog conceive that it was his office to watch only for the safety of his master, and despise his own convenience? And

how could he know that the path, which was broad enough for himself, was yet too narrow for a blind man? How could he comprehend all this without ratiocination?"—(*Essais; liv. ii. ch.* 12.)

What attachment can be compared to that of the dog, seen by all Paris in 1660, who remained during many years upon the tomb of his master in the cemetery of the *Innocents*? In vain caresses were employed to induce him to quit the loved remains; nothing could remove him from his post of fidelity and affliction. Several times he was removed by force, and shut up at the extremity of the city: but as soon as they loosened him, he returned to the spot which his constant affection had assigned to him, and where exposed to the elements, he braved the rigour of the most severe winters. The inhabitants, who resided near the spot, touched with the perseverance of this interesting animal, supplied him with food, which he seemed to receive only as the means of prolonging his grief, and the example of a fidelity truly heroical.

More recently, Valenciennes was the witness of a similar event. An inhabitant of the city died: his dog followed him to the churchyard, and lay upon his tomb: food was carried to him, which he refused to touch for three days. After having tried his fidelity by every means of enticement, a dog-house was built for him on the tomb, and he remained there for nine years without ever absenting himself more than twelve or fifteen paces from the spot, and he died then of old age and grief.—(*See Cours d'histoire naturelle, ou tableau de la Nature; Paris* 1770, *tom. II. p.* 108.)

But it is not only with regard to its master that the dog developes all the superiority of its instinct. There are some to whom every human being is equally the object of his solicitude. There exists, for example, upon the high mountains of the Alps a particular race of dogs, the sole destination of which is to seek for travellers who may have been involved in the snow, lost in the midst of the thick fogs which prevail there, or bewildered in impassable paths during the tempests of winter. The monks of Mount St. Bernard, hospitable inhabitants of these frozen and almost inaccessible heights, never fail to send, every day in winter, a confidential servant, accompanied by two dogs, for the purpose of meeting with travellers on the side of the Valais as far as St. Pierre. The dogs follow the steps of the person (if any) who has lost his way, overtake him, bring him back, and thus snatch him from inevitable death.

The hair of this sort of dogs is white with black spots round the ears, and others, which are smaller and of a fawn colour, near the eyes.

It is about the size of a mastiff. Its long hair, its pointed snout, and almost all the qualities of its body approximate it to the species of the shepherd dog, from which it probably proceeded by an intermixture, not very ancient, with the mastiff.

This race is also estimable as a watch-dog; so that it unites the good qualities of its original stock, the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the vigilance of our yard dogs.

In the species of animals which man has domesticated, or rather reduced to a state of servitude, nature often produces monsters, either by excess or defect. Of the latter sort I will here cite an example as a new proof of the perfection of instinct in the dog, and of the resources of nature. It was first communicated to the public by M. Peret, jun. in the *Journal du Physique*, for the month of August 1770.

In the month of July 1768, a black spaniel bitch, with red spots, littered eight young ones: she was only allowed to keep four, and of these four it was discovered in a few days that one of them was deprived of the two front paws. It was thought it would not live: but this defect of conformation did not prevent it from growing equally as fast and as strong as the others; and it was two years old when the following description of it was drawn up.

Two-legs (for so she was called) had a considerable resemblance to the wolf-dog, but the body was more elongated. Her hair was long, rather rough, and of a brown colour: she often carried her ears erect: her tail was a good deal like that of the

fox, not only in its form, but also in the manner in which she carried it.

She would caress very freely, and approached towards persons whom she knew, upon her two hind legs, which she held wide apart, and the toes very open. If she wished to advance quickly, she used the under part of her neck as a third leg to support herself with: she then proceeded with considerable velocity by successive leaps and springs: but this constrained progression fatigued her very much; her respiration seemed to be interrupted each time her neck touched the ground, and to save her head and nose from the blows which they were likely to receive, the muscles of the neck were always in a state of contraction, in order that the head might constantly be erect.

If *Two-legs* heard any noise she immediately sat upright, even for a considerable time. If she wished to go up stairs, she effected it pretty easily by means of her neck; but to descend was absolutely impossible. In 1769, this extraordinary creature had six young ones, none of which were in any manner deformed.

H. F. G.

NEWSPAPER AUTHENTICITY, &c.

Sir,

GIVE me leave, who have long been in the secret of some of these oracles, to amuse a few of your readers with a recent relation, upon the veracity of which they may depend.

Among the legions we employ, from the parliamentary reporter down to the detailer of a midnight broil, a drunken affray, or a street robbery, we have some who, whether the record of occurrences entitle them or not, will eat if possible; hence, when real events are wanting, they feel little or no indisposition to feign and fabricate them. It is true, they are often suspected even by their employers, but to detect is not always so easy as may be imagined. However, a few months ago, a person in the habit of taking the reports of boxing-matches, coroners' juries, &c. feeling an inclination to swell his weekly bill, he being one of the gentlemen paid upon the principle of the *quantum meruit*, with the help of imagination as he thought, had fabricated a whole, without the least foundation in fact, that was not easy to call in question. It was in appearance a circumstantial detail of a coroner's jury, with the necessary appendage of subject, time, place, &c. Conscious of the beauty of this creation, the author thought he was sure of his object, and went to take a cup by way of self-congratulation. Unfortunately, during his absence, his dwelling was visited by a brother scribe, who, throwing his keen eye over the fair page as it lay upon the table, imbibed the contents, and without waiting for his friend withdrew, committed it to writing in his own way, with a few variations, and, as soon as possible, transmitted it to the very same newspaper-office for which the other was designed.

As may be supposed, it was not long before the writer first mentioned returned, and as his friend had made so short a stay he was under no apprehension. He was not so hasty as he might have been in transmitting his detail. He had reasons for taking it himself, when the following dialogue occurred between him and the editor:—

Editor. I am sorry you have given yourself the trouble to write this account. I have every word of it already.

Writer. Sir, that is impossible, as there was no other reporter present but myself.

Editor. I suspect, Sir, this is not the first time you have imposed upon us. There, Sir, [handing him his friend's transcript] read that.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that to this kind of evidence there was no reply. The fabricator's apology was awkward: he had not sufficient sagacity to recollect that his copy might have been seen by his brother scribe during his short visit, but positively for a while persuaded himself, that *possibly*, as he said of his own story, there might be *some truth in it!*

AN OBSERVER.

DR. TOULMIN TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

WHEN I was a youth, I frequently heard of Job, the African, as a character which, some years before, had attracted notice. I have been since in possession of his history, drawn up by a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with him, Mr. Thomas Bluett. It is, in my opinion, too interesting and curious to be permitted to sink into oblivion; and, if I mistake not, it will prove instructive and entertaining to your numerous readers. With these views I offer it for a place in your Miscellany, recomposed from Mr. Bluett's narrative, and differently arranged. This communication presents you the tale itself: the next proposes to give you, with some notes, the character of Job, and a short account of the manners and opinions of his countrymen. It will appear that he was himself a very respectable person: and his history, if it were necessary, might serve to rekindle the joy, which rectitude and philanthropy have felt on the abolition of an inhumane and iniquitous traffic.

I am, Sir,

Your's, respectfully,

Birmingham, JOSHUA TOULMIN.
7th Sept. 1808.

A MEMOIR *of* JOB, *an* AFRICAN HIGH-PRIEST.

JOB's name, according to the custom of his country, in which the appellations that distinguished individuals, included their progenitors several degrees backwards, was Hyuba, Boon Salumena, Boon Hibrahama: i.e. Job, the son of Solomon, the son of Abraham. The surname of his family was Jallo. He was born, about the year 1702, at a town called Boonda, in the country of Galumbo, or, as in our maps, Catumbo, in the kingdom of Futa, in Africa; which lies on both sides the river Senegal, and on the south side reaches as far as the river Gambia. The town of Boonda had been founded, about twenty years before his birth, by Hibrahim, the grandfather of Job, in the reign of Bubaker, then king of Futa, who was, by his permission, the lord and proprietor of it, and at the same time high-priest or Alpha; so that he had a power to make what laws he thought proper for the increase and good government of his new city. Sometime after the settlement of this town Hibrahim died; and as the priesthood was hereditary in that country, Salumen, his son, the father of Job, became high-priest. When Job was fifteen years old, he assisted his father, as Emaum, or subpriest. About this time he married the daughter of the Alpha of Tombut, who was then only eleven years old. By her he had a son, when she was thirteen years old, called Abdolah; and after that two more sons, called Hibrahim and Sambo. About two years before his captivity, he married a second wife, daughter of the Alpha of Tourga, by whom he had a daughter named Fatima, after the daughter of their prophet Mahomet. Both these wives, with their children, were alive when he came from home.

In February 1730, Job's father, hearing of an English ship lying in Gambia river, sent him, with two servants as attendants, to sell two negroes, and to buy paper and some other necessaries; but desired him not to venture over the river, because the Madingoes, the inhabitants of the country on the other side of the river, were in a state of hostility with the people of Futa. The ship was commanded by Captain Pike, in the service of Captain Henry Hunt, brother to Mr. William Hunt, a merchant in Little Tower-street, London. Job, not agreeing with the captain, sent back the two servants to acquaint his father with it, and to inform him of his intentions to go farther. Accordingly, he engaged a man, named Loumein Yoal, who understood the Mandingoe language, to accompany him as his interpreter, crossed the river Gambia, and disposed of his negroes for some cows. On his return home, he stopped for some refreshment at the house of an old acquaintance; and the weather being hot, he hung up his arms in the house while he refreshed himself. The arms were valuable, consisting of a gold-hilted sword, a gold knife worn by the side,

and a rich quiver of arrows. A company of the Mandingoes, who live upon plunder, passing by, and observing Job unarmed, rushed in, to the number of seven or eight, at a back door, and pinioned him, together with his interpreter, before he could reach his arms. They then shaved their heads and beards, which Job and his man resented as the highest indignity, though the Mandingoes meant no more by it than to give them the appearance of slaves taken in war. On the 27th of February they were purchased by Captain Pike at Gambia, and on the 1st of March put on board.

Soon after, Job found means to acquaint Captain Pike, that he was the same person who had traded with him a few days before, and after what manner he had been taken. The captain permitted him to redeem himself and his attendant. Job sent to an acquaintance of his father's near Gambia, who promised to inform him of his son's situation, that he might adopt measures for his liberation. But the distance of this friend's residence from Job's father being a fortnight's journey, and the ship sailing about a week afterwards, he was carried with the other slaves to Annapolis, in Maryland, and delivered to Mr. Hunt's factor, Mr. Vachell Denton; by whom he was sold to Mr. Tolsey, in Kent Island, in Maryland.

His owner put him to work in making tobacco; but he soon perceived that Job had never been used to such labour. He every day shewed more and more uneasiness under this toil; and, unable to bear it, he grew sick, so that his master was obliged to find easier work for him, and employed him to tend the cattle.

Job would often leave the cattle, and withdraw into the woods to pray: but a white boy frequently watched him, and whilst he was at his devotion, would mock him, and throw dirt in his face. This treatment very much disturbed Job, and aggravated his misfortunes; all which were heightened by his ignorance of the English language, which prevented his complaining, or telling his case to any one near him. Grown in some measure desperate by his sufferings, he resolved to travel at a venture, in hope that possibly he might fall into the hands of a master who would use him better, or that by some happy incident his grief might be alleviated or removed. He travelled through the woods till he came to the country of Kent, upon Delaware Bay. Job, according to a law in force through Virginia, Pensylvania, and Maryland, as far as to Boston in New England, not being able to give an account of himself, was cast into prison.

This happened in June 1731, when Mr. Thomas Bluett, a gentleman who was attending the courts in Maryland, having heard of Job, went with several gentlemen to the goaler's house, which was a tavern, and desired to see him. He was introduced to them; but as he could not speak one word of English, signs being made to him, he wrote a line or two before them; and when he had read it, pronounced the words *Allah* and *Mahomed*. By this, and his refusal of a glass of wine which was offered to him, it was discovered that he was a Mahometan. But they were perfectly at a loss to ascertain of what country he was, or how he came there. It was easy to perceive, from his affable deportment and the composure of his countenance, that he was not a common slave.

After Job had been confined for some time, an old negro man who lived in the neighbourhood, and could speak the Jallop language, which Job also understood, went to see and converse with him. From this negro the gaoler learnt to whom Job belonged, and the cause of leaving his master; to whom therefore he wrote, and who soon after fetched him home, and treated him with more attention and kindness than before, allowing him a place to which he might retire for his devotions, and affording him some other conveniences in order to make his slavery as easy as possible. But confinement and slavery, to which he had never been used, were by no means agreeable to him. In hope that some means of redeeming him might be found, he wrote a letter in Arabic to

his father, giving an account of his misfortunes. This letter he sent to Mr. Vachel Denton, desiring that it might be forwarded to Africa by Captain Pike. He being gone to England, Mr. Denton inclosed the letter in another to Mr. Hunt, to be committed to the care of Captain Pike. Previously to the receipt of it, he had sailed to Africa. Mr. Hunt therefore kept it in his own hands till a proper opportunity of transmitting it should offer. In the mean time the letter was seen by James Oglethorpe, Esq. who, according to his wonted goodness and generosity, moved with compassion for the situation of Job, gave his bond to Mr. Hunt for the payment of a certain sum on the delivery of him in England. On this Mr. Hunt wrote to Mr. Denton, who purchased him again for the same sum which he himself received for him of his master, who, finding him no ways fit for his business, was very willing to part with him.

The rivers of Maryland were then frozen up, so that no ship could sail for some time. In this interval, while Job resided with Mr. Denton, he ingratiated himself with many persons by his good nature and affability; and, in particular, became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Henderson, a gentleman of great learning, minister of Annapolis, and commissary to the Bishop of London, who gave Job the character of a man of great piety and learning.

In March 1733, he set sail in the William, Captain George Uriel commander. Mr. Bluett, the gentleman mentioned before, happened to be a passenger in the same ship. He and the captain, from the character which they had received of him at Annapolis, were induced, as he could speak but few words, and those scarcely intelligibly, in English, to teach him as much as they could of the language. They applied themselves to this as soon as they were out at sea; and in about a fortnight's time he had learnt his letters, and to spell almost any single syllable, if distinctly pronounced to him; but he and Mr. Bluett falling sick, his progress was for that time impeded. When they arrived in England, the latter end of April, he had learnt so much of the language, that he was able to understand most of what was said in common conversation; and they who were used to his manner of speaking, could tolerably understand him.

During the voyage, on no pretence, notwithstanding the weather, during all the time, was very tempestuous, would he ever omit his devotions. As he eat no flesh, unless he had killed the animal with his own hands, or knew that it had been killed by a Mussulman, he was often permitted to kill the fresh stock of the ship, that he might partake of it himself. He had no scruple about fish, but would not eat pork, as it was expressly forbidden by his religion. By his good nature and affability, he conciliated the good will of all the sailors, who, not to mention other kind services, shewed him all the way up the channel, the headlands, and remarkable places; the names of which he carefully wrote down, and the accounts that were given him about them.

On their arrival in England it was told them, that Mr. Oglethorpe was gone to Georgia, and that Mr. Hunt had provided a lodging for him at Limehouse. There Mr. Bluett, after he had paid a visit to his friends in the country, went to see him. He found him very sorrowful: for he had been informed that Mr. Hunt had been applied to by some persons to sell him, under the pretence of their intentions to send him home. This excited his fears, that they would either sell him again as a slave, or if they sent him home, would expect an unreasonable ransom for him. Mr. Bluett took him to London, and waited on Mr. Hunt to request his permission to carry him to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, which was granted. He owned that he had received such applications as Job suggested, but declared that he did not intend to part with him without his own consent; but as Mr. Oglethorpe was out of England, if any friends would advance the money, he would accept it, on condition that they would engage to send him to his own country; and he also promised that he would not

dispose of him till he heard again from Mr. Bluett.

Job, during his abode at Cheshunt, had the honour of being invited to their houses by most of the gentry of that place. They were greatly pleased with his company, and concerned for his misfortunes. He received several handsome presents, and a subscription for the payment of the money to Mr. Hunt was proposed. The night before they sat off again for London, the footman of Samuel Holden, Esq. brought a letter directed to Sir Bigby Lake. This was delivered at the African house; upon which the house was pleased to order, that "Mr. Hunt should bring in a bill of the whole charges which he had been at about Job, and be there paid." This was done, and the sum amounted to 59*l.* 6*s.* 11½*d.* On the payment of this amount, Mr. Oglethorpe's bond was delivered up to the company. Job's fears of being sold again as a slave were now removed: but yet he could not be persuaded but that, when he got home, he must pay an extravagant sum for his ransom. Mr. Bluett, as the sum was great and Job's acquaintance in England was very limited, had also his doubts concerning the success of a subscription. He therefore, to give Job's mind ease, spoke to a gentleman who had been all along in a remarkable manner his friend. This gentleman, so far from discouraging the measure, began the subscription himself with a handsome sum, and promised his further assistance at a dead lift. Several other friends, both in London and in the country, readily added their charitable contributions. Yet there was a deficiency of 20*l.*; but the worthy and generous gentleman who opened the subscription made up the defect, and the sum was completed.

Mr. Bluett, being desired, went to the African company, and stated the matter. When he had made his report, the orders of the house were shewn him. These were, "that Job should be accommodated, at the company's expense, till one of their ships should sail for Gambia, in which he should be sent back to his friends without any ransom." The company then asked Mr. Bluett, if they could do any more to make Job easy; and upon his desire, they ordered "that Mr. Oglethorpe's bond should be cancelled," which was immediately done; "and that Job should have his freedom in form." This he received handsomely engrossed, with the company's seal affixed. After which, the full sum of the whole charges, viz. 59*l.* 6*s.* 11½*d.* was paid into their clerk, as was before proposed.

Job's mind was now perfectly easy, and he cheerfully visited his friends in town and country. One day, at Sir Hans Sloane's, he expressed a great desire to see the royal family. Sir Hans promised to get him introduced when he was provided with a proper dress. Job knew how kind a friend he might apply to on the occasion; and he was soon furnished with a rich silk habit, made after the fashion of his country, and introduced to their majesties and the royal family. Her majesty was pleased to present him with a rich gold watch. On the same day he had the honour to dine with the Duke of Montague and others of the nobility, who, after dinner, made him handsome presents. His Grace, afterwards, often took Job into the country with him, and shewed him the tools necessary for tilling the grounds, both in fields and gardens; and directed his servants to teach him how they were used. He also furnished Job with all sorts of implements and other rich presents, which he ordered to be carefully packed up in chests, and put on board for his use. The favours which he received from the Duke and other noblemen and gentlemen were too many to be enumerated. They displayed a singular generosity; and the goods and articles, which he carried over with him from these donations, were worth upwards of 500*l.* Besides this he was liberally furnished with money to meet any accident, which should oblige him to go on shore, or occasion particular charges at sea. About the latter end of July, he embarked on board a ship of the African company bound for Gambia.

[*To be continued.*]

The Bee.—No. XI.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRETIUS.

RUFFHEAD'S LIFE OF POPE.

THIS is a well written and ingenious production, but the author often sacrifices his judgment to his zeal. Of this many instances might be adduced: the following is an example:

"Our poet's talents, however, ripening daily under the benign and fostering patronage of his noble and ingenious friends, he left scarce any species of poetical composition unattempted, and attempted none in which he did not *excel*."

If *excel* mean any thing here, it is to surpass; and surely no one will seriously affirm that Pope, in his *St. Cecilia's Day*, excelled the sublime lyric production of his master, Dryden. The bold irregularity, the glowing imagery, and the majestic language of the latter, are but faintly imitated by the cool, phlegmatic, and humble diction of the former.

COLLINS.

The warm and vivid imagination of this truly inspired writer sometimes betrayed him into verbal inaccuracies. He says,

"*Shrill roared* the wind, and dreary was the way." *Eclogue II.*

But surely the ideas excited by the words *shrill* and *roar* are far from being homogenous. While the one reminds us of a keen, piercing sound, the other suggests that of a tempest, or a furious multitude in full cry.

DRYDEN.

This writer did not often attend to the full euphony of his lines. He was rather bold than elegant, and expresses himself with more energy than harmony. Yet it would, perhaps, be difficult to produce a line of greater melody in the whole circle of English poetry than the following:

And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
Pal. and Ar.

MELIN DE ST. GELAIS.

Francis I. the father of letters in France, or rather the friend and patron of literary men, had granted permission to Melin de St. Gelais, his librarian and almoner, to lay a bet with him, that whenever it pleased the king to speak to him in verse, he, St. Gelais, would answer him in verse that should rime with the preceding ones of his majesty. One day, therefore, the king putting his foot in the stirrup, and having looked at St. Gelais, thus apostrophised his horse:

Joli, gentil, petit cheval,
Bon a monter, bon a descendre;

To which St. Gelais immediately replied,

Sans que tu sois un Bucéphal
Tu portes plus grand qu'Alexandre.

CARDINAL MAZARIN.

When this great man was leaving France, he requested a confidential person from M. le Tellier, who sent Colbert to him, begging of the cardinal, that whenever he should receive from him (Tellier) any secret letters not to keep them himself, but to commit them to the custody of Colbert. One day, however, the cardinal wished to retain one himself; but Colbert resisted him, and kept the letter, notwithstanding the passion of the cardinal.

PURITANIC PIETY.

(*Recommended to the attention of the* "Society for the Suppression of Vice.")

At Oxford, much against my will,
Two knights I met, Dolbein and Hill:
And there I saw—Oh most profane one,
Each knight, who was a puritane one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing a mouse on Sunday!!
O tempora! O mores!

DR. JOHNSON.

This writer was often betrayed into absurdities by the laboured concentration of his language. In his 30th Rambler, he has committed a blunder, so risible and so palpable, that it is matter of astonishment it should have escaped his perspicacity. He says, "women are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable: and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a single life, are exposed, in *consequence* of their choice, to sickness, misery, and *death*."

Death is surely the consequence of

life: the inevitable fate of all who breathe. It certainly has no immediate connexion with marriage, nor can either that state or celibacy *necessarily* retard or accelerate its date.

ADDISON.

The daughter of this eminent writer passed the greater part of her time at her paternal seat near Rugby. To the last she continued in her early opinions of her father's *Spectators*, that she could not admire them!

ANNOTATIONS *on the* TEXT *of* SHAKSPEARE.

No. V.

KING HENRY VIII.

Act II.—Sc. III.

What friend of mine
That had to him derived *your anger*, did I
Continue in my liking?

This word occurs with the same import in Ferrex and Porrex,

"The which your fathers, which have reign'd before,
Have with great fame *derived* down to them."

Act III.—Sc. II.

My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours.

Mr. Heath and Dr. Johnson concur in the opinion, that Wolsey intends to exalt his own endeavours above those of any other man. I think it plain, although the grammar is loose, that he means to apply this praise to the "graces" of his master; which could not be adequately returned by any services, however meritorious.

CORIOLANUS.

Act I.

Please you to march;
And four shall quickly *draw out my command,*
Which men are best inclin'd.

This is nonsense, and the commentators have not been able to explain it. *Forth I'll*, if negligently written, might be readily corrupted into *Four-shall*. "*I will draw forth*" *the most courageous of my men*, would be intelligible.

Act II.—Sc. I.

Clambring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up.

The whole of this description is very similar to a passage in Pliny's Panegyric:

Videres referta tecta, ac laborantia, ac ne eum quidem vacantem locum, qui non nisi suspensum et instabile vestigium caperet; oppletus undique vias, angustum que tramitem relictum.—Ad Trajanum, XXII.

My gracious silence, hail!

Un atto che parla per silenzio.—Petrarch. Sonn. 179.

Sc. III.

Battles thrice six
I've seen and heard of.

That is, the reputation of all in which he has been engaged, is not unknown to him. The Latin *audio* is used to denote, in one of its senses, what is spoken of a man by others.

Act IV.—Sc. V.

To see thee here,
Thou noble thing, *more* dances *my rapt heart, &c.*

The last expression is bold; but I doubt whether the following be not even stronger. *Ridea* di gioja il cor nel petto. L'Amadigi, B. Tasso, C. 3, St. 14.

Thing had a double sense, of praise and contempt. *Fellow* and *creature* are with us abusive terms: yet we hear of a *noble fellow*, and, in amatory converse, of a charming creature.

Act IV.—Sc. VII.

But one of *these,*
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For so far I dare free him, made him fear'd
So hated and so banish'd.

Aufidius here alludes to three disagreeable qualities: pride, sternness of manners, and defect of judgment. He acquits him of displaying either to an excess; but says, that his character partakes in some degree of each, so as to render it, *altogether*, unpleasing.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Mrs. Montagu intimates, in her well-known Essay, (p. 253), that "the poet might have in his eye some person of eminence in his days who was distinguished by the manners of Casca." To this I assent; and think that the character of Sir John Perrot, the *Sir Satyrane* of Spenser, might be aimed at. Some curious anecdotes of this gentleman are in a small tract, Sir Robert Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*.

Act IV.—Sc. III.

You wrong me every way: you wrong me, Brutus.

I am convinced that Shakspeare meant this line to be spoken as follows:

You wrong me; *every* way you wrong me, Brutus.

There are two verses of Tibullus, (3, 7, 23) which are spoiled in the same manner, and should be read thus:

Perfida, nec merito nobis inimica; *merenti*
Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.

Abler than yourself
To make conditions.

To place officers in stations that suit their abilities; or, otherwise, to keep on terms with them.

Oh Morpheus!
Layst thou thy leaden club upon my boy?

Beaumont and Fletcher ridicule this thought in Act III. of the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. I do not perceive it noticed by their editors. "I see the god of heavy sleep lays on his heavy mace upon your eyelids."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act I.—Sc. II.

Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick *winds lie still.*

So, in Love's Labour Lost,

"But is there no *quick* recreation granted?"

Sc. IV.

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One *great competitor.*

One means *any*. A certain laureated versifier reads "*our*," which he considers as "unanswered and unanswerable." In fact, the singular style of his comments on the commentators will render few persons willing to controvert the opinions of one, who appears to regard the attributes of a gentleman as beneath, or rather *above* his notice.

Act II.—Sc. V.

O that his fault should make a knave of thee
That art not what thou art sure of!

The messenger was sure of having received the chastisement due to a knave; which Cleopatra at length confesses him to have not been.

If thou so YIELD *him.*

A passage, in the *Queen of Corinth*, has an idiom not unlike:

"It draws the grossness of the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits." *Act 2. Sc. 4.*

Again, in *Bonduca*,

"Labour in one hand, that *propounds* us gods."

Sc. VI.

The wife of Antony
Should leave an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach.

This sentiment is agreeable to the words of Argia, bewailing the death of Polynices:

Cernis, quo prædita cultu,
Quo stipata manu, juxta tua mœnia primum
Œdipodis magni venio nurus?
Stat. Theb. 12,258.

Act IV.—Sc. II.

Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a bear or lion;
A tow'red citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.

Come quando la nebbia si dissipa,
Lo guardo a poco a poco raffigura
Cio che cela il vapor che l'aere stipa.
Dante, C. 31, v. 34.

KING LEAR.

Act I.—Sc. III.

Now by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd

With cheeks, as FLATTERIES, *when they are seen* ABUS'D.

"As infants are restrained *when vicious*, and at other times treated with *indulgence*, old men must be kept in the same subjection, and *checked*, when they appear mistaken, or misled." His daughters suppose, that the old king's pride is encouraged by the train of knights. The obscurity arises from a clause being *understood* to *flatteries*, but not expressed.

Act I.—Sc. IV.

Hear nature, dear *Goddess, hear a father!*

Mr. Seymour ridicules Mr. Malone (Vol. 2, p. 52) for extending *your* into a dissyllable; but this elongation of *liquids* was common, not only in Shakspeare's time, but long after.

"And common profit of his coun*t-r-y*."
K. H. 6, *Pt.* 2, *A.* 1. *Sc.* 1.

Yes! when I have a king and coun*t-r-y*
That can deserve my love!
Dryden's Cleomenes.

Again, Swift in eight syllable verse,

"High sauce and curious meats
Are *really* but vulgar treats.

And Milton:

O heavens, that such resemblance of the Highest
Should still remain, where faith and *really*
Remain not!

With other examples that I suppress.

Th' untented *woundings of a father's curse*
Pierce every sense about thee!

Wounds constant and incurable, that cannot be probed or cured.

Act IV.—Sc. III.

Her smiles and tears
Were like a wetter day.

Aaron Hill might probably remember this passage. Act 1, Sc. 1, of the Roman Revenge:

"*Like a sun-beam, radiant through a mist,*
She smil'd away her anguish."

Act IV.—Sc. VI.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though angels all above.

Mons. La Bruyère has a maxim, which these words recall to me; but it is hardly worth quoting.

To say aye and no to all I said!—Aye and no too *was no good divinity.*

Whether they flattered my opinions, by *affirming* or *denying* all that was affirmed or denied by me, either mode of assent *betokened no sincerity of affection and* ought to have rendered me cautious of entrusting them too far. *Too*, after *no*, is discriminative from *aye*, not conjunctive. An ingenious friend of Mr. Pye would omit the point after *said*, and read *to* for *too*: I think the present punctuation better suited to the speaker's emotion.

Act V.—Sc. III.

About it; and write happy when thou hast done.

Consider yourself happy. Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*,

"Out on thy seeming! I will *write* against it."

S'inscrire en faux.—Fr.

And thou no breath at all! Oh thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

Were it not for the taste and acuteness which Mr. Seymour has in many instances displayed, we might be tempted to imagine, that he is not very susceptible of the pathetic. Breaks are frequent in every poet to express emotion, or to elicit a grand effect; which has induced Mr. Upton* to suppose, that several of Virgil's lines might have been left purposely unfinished. In order to have the pleasure of reading ten syllables, Mr. Seymour inserts *No* before the first *Never*. He was probably thinking of the *Philoctetes*,

—— Παπαι,
Παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ, παπᾶ,
παπαι!! *V.* 743.

* Critical Observations, 2d Edit. 1748. Mr. Burke adduces an example, (*Letter to a Noble Lord*) from the description of the harpies, and hints that the pause after

Squallida semper
Ora fame—

is admirably calculated to heighten the disgusting picture.

This gentleman's anxiety for our author's versification is highly laudable, and often deserves attention; but his propensity to mince passion into metre is astonishing.

[*To be continued.*]

ERRATA IN THE LAST.

Comments on K. H. 4th, *for* Pigmy's body, *read* Pigmy body
For Dorylus, *read* Dorylas.
K. H. 6th, *for* second fois, *read* seconde fois
Erase the comma before Matthew Gough.
Richard 3d. *for* fatal to man, *read* fatal to *many*.

Mr. BURDON *on the* "SOCIETY *for the* SUPPRESSION *of* VICE."

SIR,

THE professions and intentions of your correspondent, Mr. Mudford, if they are carried into execution, even should they not be attended with success, deserve the gratitude of every true friend of impartial justice, and an equal administration of the laws; for any society or individual arrogating the right of censuring and punishing the conduct of others ought to be as free from blame, as the weakness of human nature will admit, at least ought to be free from those faults which they wish to amend in others. Living at a distance from the metropolis, I have not an opportunity of being acquainted with many of those oppressive acts which have been committed by the self-created Society for the Suppression of Vice; but I well know the inquisitorial spirit of some of its members, and I abhor all laws which are not impartially enacted and administered.

It is the boast of this country, that the law is open to all, and that the poor and the rich are equally protected; but when rigorous and obsolete laws are revived against the one and not against the other, that boasted protection ceases, and the law itself becomes the oppressor. While the exertions of the Society alluded to were employed solely in the suppression of indecent publications and immoral meetings, I rejoiced at their success in bringing the offenders to justice; but now that they affect an overstrained piety, and prevent a poor man from doing that on a Sunday which a rich one may do with impunity, they are so far from doing good, that they sanction by their own example the most flagrant injustice, and teach the poor that their superiors consider them only as slaves, who must be subject to laws and punishments from which they by their more elevated rank are entitled to be exempt. In short, they plainly tell them, that they consider the rich and the poor as a different race of beings, and therefore not amenable to the same tribunal for similar transgressions. Sunday, say they, shall be a day of cessation from labour to the poor, that they may be enabled to labour the more through the rest of the week; but it shall not be a day of amusement or festivity—that privilege must be reserved for their superiors: but mark their gross partiality even here, for though a poor man is forbidden to buy a joint of meat, or drink a pot of ale with a friend on a Sunday, he is not forbidden to drive a post-chaise, to dress a dinner at a tavern, or to ride post after his master on a journey of interest or pleasure.

To such inconsistencies does this puritanical domineering spirit of false religion lead its conceited votaries. Jesus Christ told his disciples not to accuse others till they were convinced of their own integrity,—"Judge not that ye be not judged." But these men are followers of the Pharisees and not of Jesus, and as such they are ever ready to condemn others without examining themselves. The example of the rich, and their conduct to their inferiors, will ever be of more avail, in promoting the practice of true morality among all ranks, than any strained and partial observance of mere positive precepts: for morality does not consist in making Sunday a day of gloomy austerity, nor even in making men go to church to hear a bad sermon, nor a tedious repetition of collects and prayers; morality consists in doing to others what we would they should do unto us, in keeping the hands from picking and stealing, the tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering, in purifying the heart

from all uncharitableness, in doing to others all the good in our power, and in shunning all deceit, guile, and malice.

Could the Society for the Suppression of Vice, by their interference, provide for the people every Sunday such good instruction and good example, they would perform a laudable service to the world: but while they merely employ themselves in searching for the venial transgressions of the poor, and forget the glaring iniquities of the rich, they may be truly said to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." That Mr. Mudford will not relax in his efforts to expose them to contempt is my earnest wish and desire.

Let me not forget to notice a gross mistake in two of your correspondents, who call the learned Dr. Conyers Middleton, Conway. Such ignorance is unaccountable, if they have ever seen his works with his name at full length.

My next will contain some further remarks on Gothic, or, as it ought to be called, English Architecture.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Sept. 6, 1808.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS *on the* PRONUNCIATION *of the* LATIN LANGUAGE.*

Mr. Editor,

A LETTER, signed Αλλεπροσαλλος in your last, obliges me to take up my pen, a second time, in defence of what I have before written respecting the hard sound of *c* and *g*. The author of that article begins by pointing out my mistake, in supposing Σημα alluded to our method of pronouncing *leciones*, &c. which arose from his not being sufficiently explicit. On the supposition then that the modern Italians have retained the true pronunciation of the Roman *c*, his deduction of the soft sound of *g* before *e* and *i* would be correct. That this, however, is not the case, will appear from the before quoted passage of Quinctilian, which A. has most egregiously misunderstood and perverted.* In the first place, he translates *perferat* by *can exert*, whereas the sense evidently requires it should be rendered simply *exerts*, the subjunctive being here used for the indicative mood. He then endeavours to escape by insinuating that *omnes vocales* means not *all the vowels*, but only those preceded by *k*, which not being the case with *e* and *i*, they must, says he, necessarily be exceptions. A curious method this, truly, of squaring an author to one's own hypothesis; as if Quinctilian would expressly make use of the term *omnes*, and at the same time intend nearly one-half the number to be excepted. The passage, I am well persuaded cannot be rationally explained in any other sense than that in which I have before taken it. And on this ground it is perfectly conclusive, with respect to the hard sound of *c*; that of *g* naturally follows by the mode of reasoning, laid down in my former letter on this subject. If then there cannot be offered, on the other side of the question, any authority of equal weight, this has surely a right to determine the controversy.

The example of *cetera* derived from χαι ἥτερα (χαἴτερα I take to be a misprint) is totally mistaken by your correspondent. He very justly observes, that in *sylva*, from ὕλη, the *s* takes the place of the aspirate, but in the above instance the *c* is put for the *u*: for the word is καιΐτερα καίτερα, and in Latin *cætera*, which is the

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* We are requested to notice the following errata in the letter of last month, to which the above is a replication:—

For hard sounds of C and K, *read* C and G.
For says Mr. Tooke, *read* says N. E. from Mr. Tooke.
For Cic. de Ovat, *read* Cic. de Orat.

* The supposed error of §7 for §18 was in consequence of the extract being made out of Gesner's Quinctilian, in which the sections are differently divided, a circumstance by no means uncommon in different editions of the same authors, and which A. appears to be ignorant of.

indentical Greek word in Roman characters; so far then from its being pronounced soft, there is an additional reason for supposing it hard, inasmuch as its root is so. It is really astonishing he should have overlooked this, which is so very plain.

I can by no means discover the same analogy between *t* and *ts* as between the other letters he alludes to; for the corresponding sound to *ts* is *dz*, the same as that to the Italian *ci* is *gi*, the latter being in both cases the compression of the former. But A. should have continued his explanation, and informed us in what manner we are to *melt t* into *ts*, i. e. *one* letter into *two*.

The passage he produces from Horne Tooke, as a contradiction to the one on which my argument is founded, is not really so if properly understood. To be as concise as possible on this head, I shall merely observe that *ch* was originally pronounced hard, whence any one will readily perceive that our modern pronunciation of *speech, breach, church*, &c. is as improper and erroneous as that of *facere* and *regere*.

I have perused Σημα's former article, concerning the vowels, and agree with him, that the pronouncing them according to their due lengths would be found of considerable utility and importance, and would save much unnecessary trouble. Whether indeed such practice would ever obtain in our schools is what I much doubt, as the masters would be first under the necessity of reforming their own pronunciation.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Sept. 10, 1808. N. E.

REPLY *to* "REMARKS *on an* EXTRACT *from Dr.* ROBERTSON'S HISTORY *of* SCOTLAND."

SIR,

I MOST cordially agree with your correspondent J. C. p. 8. in your Number for July, that royal favour and protection is due only to inflexible integrity, eminent talents, and superior qualifications. That the favourites of James the Third possessed not these distinctions, history explicitly informs us; nor can I account for Dr. Robertson's silence respecting the real characters of these men; neither have I this author's History of Scotland at hand for reference. I annex, however, a quotation from an older writer that clears up the "darkness and uncertainty" in which Robertson *appears* to have involved this part of his justly-admired work.

"King James, the third of that name, a man of a great and high spirit and of a hasty nature, and prone to anger, and such a one as would not suffer patiently his own judgment to be contradicted, could not away with that freedom of speech which he found in his nobility; wherefore he made choice of such to be about him as would not correct but approve all his sayings, and who would not offend him by gainsaying, but did curry favour by soothing of him, and who with flattering admiration did extoll all that he said or did."

"He had gotten about him base men, both in place and worth, whom he had advanced to honours and nobilitated. Amongst these there was one Robert Coghran, a mason by his trade, whom he made Earl of Marre. An English singing man, called William Rogers, whom he honoured with Knighthood; with divers others of mean rank and quality, whose chief commendation was that they were impudently wicked and villainous.—This Rogers is thought also to have been his pander, and an inticer of him to wronging his Queen. Among these loose men there was one gentleman of good birth, but he, seeing the King's inclination, had set himself fully to follow it in all things; wherefore he had given his daughter to Robert Coghran in marriage as a bond of friendship and society; his name was Thomas Preston. There was also a young page, John Ramsey, who was of the same combination. These were the King's minions, counsellors, and whole confidence. These were counsellors and executioners of the murder of his younger brother John, and had caused him to commit his other brother Alexander to prison in the Castle, who had died likewise, if he had not found means to escape in the night, by making a rope of

his bed-clothes, and so got over the wall."

At length "the war began between Scotland and England. An army behoved to be raised, and for the raising thereof the nobility must be convened. Loath were these men to the work; they knew not what they might think when they were convened. But there was no remedy; *their* privy counselling could not sustain the wars. That was the part of the noblemen, and could not be done without them. So they are convened, and on to Lawder they go. The King only countenances, consults, advises, with his cabinet councill. Neglects the nobility and distrusts them. It would have been strange if they had not resented it, and as strange if they had not remedied it. Now was the time or never. The force, power, and all, was in their hands. They appoint a meeting for advising of the form and particular manner how and what to do." After much deliberation, they conclude, "that these *wicked counsellors and their accomplices, the courtiers of the same quality and stamp*, should be brought to judgement, and punished according to their deserts. In the execution whereof their main case was, that no inconvenience should come to the King; which, because it might fall out in a tumult, they ordained that the army should lie quiet, and only the noblemen, with their household servants, should go to court and apprehend them as peaceably and calmly as they could. After the meeting was broken up, they encountered by the way with Robert Cochran, whom the King (informed of their meeting) had sent to know what the matter was. He had about his neck a gold chain of great weight, which the Earl of Angus took hold of, and straining it a little, This chain, says he, does not become a man of your rank; but I shall, ere long, give you one that will become you to wear far better; and so pulling the chain from his neck, he delivered him to one of his men to be kept sure. After that he went on to the King's lodging, where the guard and others that were present, astonished with the suddenness of his coming, gave place and shrunk away, so that the rest were easily apprehended without resistance or tumult. Only John Ramsey fled to the King, and clasped his arms about his middle, and at the King's request was pardoned." The rest were led forth, and various accusations being preferred against them, "they were condemned to be hanged over the bridge of Lawder That sentence pronounced was so acceptable to all that heard it, that they ran and brought their horse-halters to serve for ropes; the whole army and nobility concurring and assisting at their execution.

"The Earl of Angus, being the principal actor in this affair, the chief commendation thereof cannot be taken from him: the praise, I say, not only of wisdom in proposing and persuading, of courage and resolution in undertaking, but also of discreet moderation and dutiful regard to the King in performing of this action without tumult or uproar." Angus is said in another part of the work "to have so behaved himself as to gain so good an opinion of his wisdom and courage, that the whole burden of the estate of the country did lie upon him alone. And for that cause chiefly he is commonly called *the great Earl of Angus*."

"*General History of Scotland, &c. written by Master David Hume, of Godscroft.*" Edinburgh. (No date.)

I am, &c.

H.

Painswick, Sept. 2, 1808.

EXTRACTS *from* POLYÆNUS' STRATAGEMS. *By Dr.* TOULMIN.

[Continued from Vol. IX. p. 484.]

No. 40.—*Mutius.*

THE Tuscans waged war with the Romans. The king of the Tuscans was Porsenna. Publicola, a third time consul, was commander of the Romans. Mutius, a Roman, of superior skill in military affairs, desirous of taking off Porsenna, went to the Tuscan camp, clothed in a Tuscan habit, and speaking the Tuscan language. He advanced to the throne, but not knowing the person of Porsenna, he drew his sword and killed an attendant, who sat near him, and whom he supposed to be the king.

He was seized, and confessed who he was. Porsenna offered sacrifices for his preservation to the Gods. Mutius thrust his right hand into the fire on the altar, and, whilst it was burning, he stood and conversed with Porsenna, with an intrepid and cheerful countenance. Porsenna was astonished at his fortitude. Mutius said to him, "don't wonder at me; three hundred Romans of equal firmness are wandering through your camp, watching for an opportunity to kill you." Porsenna, giving credit to these words, and alarmed for his safety, put an end to his war with the Romans.

No. 41.—*Marcellus.*

Marcellus, being overpowered, in besieging Syracuse, by the machines of Archimedes, had not the resolution to persist in his attack on the walls, but left the event of the siege to time. At length he took a prisoner, Damippus, a Spartan, as he was sailing from Syracuse; and learnt from him, that a tower in the wall, capable of holding many men, was carelessly guarded, and that there the wall was very accessible. On this Marcellus procured scaling-ladders suited to the height; and, as the Syracusans were celebrating the feast of Diana, and giving themselves to sports and drinking, he gained the tower, fixed his arms all along the walls, and before sun-rising, having broken down their folded gates, he took the city. The soldiers, who had fought bravely, asked permission to plunder; but Marcellus would permit them only to seize the money and slaves, and commanded them to refrain from the persons of freemen and from the temples.

No. 42.—*Scipio.*

Scipio made an alliance with Syphax, the king of the Masæsulians, and passed over to Sicily. Asdrubal had a daughter, exceedingly beautiful, whom he promised in marriage to Syphax, if he would break off his alliance with the Romans. He married the young lady, joined the Carthaginians, and immediately wrote to Scipio to forbid his coming to Lybia. Scipio, knowing that the Romans made great account of the alliance with Syphax, and that, if they knew that he had joined the enemy they would not venture to pass over to Lybia, called a council, and gave an opposite turn to the letters of Syphax: as if he had invited the Romans to that country, and was surprised at their delay in coming; so that they ought not to relax the vigour of the alliance. By these representations he inspired the Romans with ardour and courage. They desired the day to be fixed, on which it would be proper to sail over.

No. 43.—*Scipio.*

The Roman law commanded that the spies of the enemies should be put to death: but Scipio, when three Carthaginian spies had been apprehended, declined executing the law. He commanded them to be conducted round through the army. When they had viewed the Roman soldiers variously employed; some hurling their missile weapons, others shooting with the arrow; some engaged in leaping matches; others burnishing their arms; and many sharpening their swords; they were led back again to Scipio. He invited them to a dinner, and said to them, "relate what ye have seen to him who sent you." They went back and reported these things to Hannibal and the other Carthaginian officers; who were astonished at the active preparations of the Romans, and Scipio's greatness of soul.

No. 44.—*Cæsar.*

Cæsar, as he was on his voyage to Nicomedes, the king of Bithynia, was captured by the Cilician pirates. They demanded a great price for his ransom: he promised to double it. They continued their course to Miletus, and drew up without the walls.—Cæsar sent to the Milesians a servant, Epicrates, a Milesian, to request the loan of the money. They immediately sent it. Epicrates, at the direction of Cæsar, brought provisions for a banquet, a cask full of swords, and wine mixed with mandrake. Cæsar counted down to the pirates double the ransom-money, and placed the banquet before them. Elated with joy at the large sum, they indulged

themselves at the feast and drank freely of the stupifying wine, till they fell into a deep sleep; in which, at the command of Cæsar, they were slain; and the money was immediately restored to the Milesians.

No. 45.—*Cæsar.*

Cæsar endeavoured to pass over a wide river in Britain. Cassivellaunus, the British king, prevented him by his numerous chariots and horses.—A large elephant, an animal never seen in Britain, followed Cæsar. He fortified it with iron scales, and built on it a high tower, which he filled with archers and slingers; he then commanded it to be led into the river. The Britons, entirely unaccustomed to the sight of so huge a beast, were terrified: as to their horses, we may be silent; for among the Grecians even, the horses, at the sight of an elephant, though unaccoutred, flee; but they can by no means stand before one on which a tower is erected, from whence arrows and stones are thrown. The Britons, with their horses and chariots, were put to flight. The Romans, unmolested, crossed the river; while the enemy was frightened by one animal.

No. 46.—*Cæsar.*

Cæsar, when he was about to engage with Pompey, in the plains of Pharsalia, perceived among the enemy a great number of very handsome young men, who thought much of their beauty and were proud of it. He commanded his soldiers to aim with their spears and darts, not at the bodies, but at the faces of the enemy. They, fearing an injury to their beauty, turned their backs and fled.

[*To be continued.*]

REPLY TO THE QUERY OF SOPHOS.

Sir,

I COULD not help being much surprised at observing, in your last Number, a very singular question, from Cambridge too, aye, and from *Sophos*; viz. "Are men happier from the pleasures and gratifications of sense, than from the strict practice of virtue." Is this a subject of dispute, or who does dispute it? Is it a question which can be debated? In the first place, it is asked, which of the two render man most happy? This of course implies that they severally render him happy to a certain degree. But who is it who has lifted up his voice and said that the pleasures of sense render a man happy? Who ever dared maintain it?—Who but the glutton, the drunkard, or the debauchee; and is their voice to be regarded? No; let us consider them as under temporary insanity; and therefore not as fit members of society. Divested of these licentious members, let Sophos inform me who maintains, or ever did maintain, from the creation to this time, that the pleasures of sense rendered men happy. If, on the contrary, it has and is still maintained that the practice of virtue will make men happy, there is no subject for discussion. Sophos may make his lucubrations public, but what will they tend to prove? What a thousand sermons, a thousand publications on morality have proved long since, that 'Virtue alone is happiness below.' I can as easily anticipate, and with as much certainty of being correct, that the fifth act of a new comedy will conclude with one or more marriages, as that the result of the arguments of Sophos will be in favour of virtue.

Sophos pleads for fair argument, but how can he expect it if he has not given a subject to produce it. If he had put the question, "Wherein does happiness consist," we might have been able to have given him an answer with ease; for if it had been proved to have been seated in the mind, of course it is not to be found in the pleasures of sense: if it had been proved to have been experienced alone in the practice of virtue, it is evident it could not be experienced in sensual gratifications. The question may be defined to the following:—Whether is a man who levels himself with the beasts, or one who maintains his intellectual dignity, most happy? It may be told me, that the beasts are happy; but I will answer, that the beasts are not endued with human reason.

Two things, diametrically opposite to each other in effect, whether substances or principles, will never produce the same end, but will always remain distinct and irreconcileable. Thus it is with virtue and the gratification of sense. They are as much at war with each other in tendency as are alkaline salts and acids. If I were here to take a future retribution into consideration, the question is at once decided; but that would be assuming an advantage absolutely unnecessary. We have a word which in itself comprehends all the inclusions of the pleasures and gratifications of sense, and that is Vice. The question is, then, Whether is virtue or vice to be pursued, to render man happy in his present state of existence? Does this require an answer? Does Sophos think it must be proved?

There is no credit to be obtained by dedicating our time to the demonstration of palpable facts and evident conclusions. The man who would occupy an hour in proving the truth of an axiom, would be deservedly laughed at. Snow is white; the sun gives light and heat; all things prove the existence of a God; I know that I am. There requires no philosopher to tell me these things are; and yet, for the sake of argument and disputation, some philosophers have asserted, and voluminously endeavoured to prove the truth of these facts, while others have as industriously taken up their pens to assert that snow is black; that the sun is ice; that there is no God; and that we do not exist; but that all is a chimera. To crown these absurdities, it only remains to be proved that a man will walk with more safety with his eyes shut than if they were open. Are Nero, Caligula, and the rest of those sanguinary and sensual men to be held up as a pattern to mankind.—Who are more deserving of the veneration and emulation of posterity Rochester, Lyttleton, and many others that may be named, or Boyle, Newton, Hale, Jones, Cowper, and a thousand more.

But to come to an end, I would ask Sophos if he has ever considered this subject; if he has ever bestowed a moment's thought upon it? He may say this inquiry is irrelevant to the subject, but I maintain it is to the point; for if he has not considered it it is now full time he did, and that minutely too; and if he has, it is a mighty pity that he shews he has done it to such little purpose. Take the Bible in this instance, merely as a system of morality, divested of its claim to revelation, and is not the subject there demonstrated to the most deficient capacity beyond a doubt? If we refer to ancient authors, are Seneca and Plato not evidence sufficient in my favor. But there are authors beyond number who have spent the greatest part of their lives, not in proving, for it requires no proof, but in enforcing the practice of virtue, as the only source of peace and happiness here, and the only chance for it hereafter; while they have employed all their rhetoric, used every exertion and endeavour to caution mankind against the captivating solicitations of the senses, the indulgence of which they have ever regarded as a source of the greatest calamity, misery, and degradation that could befall them.

Next to admitting the belief of the existence of a Deity, I consider in its consequence the full admission and acceptation of the necessity and propriety of virtuous conduct. I trust that Sophos has proposed the above question merely for the sake of starting a subject, though I cannot congratulate him on his business. 'He will not do our ears that violence to make us trusters of his own report against himself.' I am not inclined to harbour an opinion so debasing to his intellectual capacity, as to suppose that he wavers upon a subject of such importance, upon which his mind must have been long since established. Notwithstanding, if what I have said proves unsatisfactory to him, and he will undertake to assert and maintain the dignity and priority of the pleasures of sense, I will, with attention, but regret, peruse his remarks, and will consider myself bound to make reply thereto.

P. M. W.

Finsbury, Sept. 8, 1808.

On the LENGTH *of the* LIVES *of the most eminent* ENGLISH POETS. *By Mr.* FLETCHER.

SIR,

CURIOUS to observe the effect of literary pursuits and studious habits, frequent solitude, and still more frequent poverty, on the life of man; as far as the same might be collected from the biography of those whose genius stands the most conspicuous in the records of literature; I sat down lately to the melancholy but not unpleasing task of making an estimate of the time which the most celebrated of our poets passed in this transitory, and, to them, unhappy world. The splendid abilities, and the motley lives, of those whose names are below, have been already appreciated and described by elegant and feeling minds. My business is of an humble nature; the work only of calculation. It may, however, afford to the contemplative and the studious, as it has done to me, matter for amusement and speculation; and I particularly exult in the opportunity which it gives me of asserting that the literature of no country, ancient or modern, can present an equal collection of names so marked by the inspiration of genius and the disinterested love of letters.

The following is a list of the poets of Great Britain most generally esteemed. Several, however, are omitted whose ages were very doubtful, or, who perishing by the axe, could not properly be included here, or, who being noblemen, wrote for pleasure only.* Of these latter, without detracting in the least from their merit, I may say, that their elevated situation, while it secured to them more than the common fame, protected them from the common adversities attendant upon genius. And of them too, it is remarkable, that not one is at this day considered as eminent, notwithstanding all the advantages they possessed of education, leisure, and independence.

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* I have left, however, such names among the nobility of whom Johnson has given lives, together with one whom he does not mention, viz. Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the witty author of the Rehearsal, whose lively genius and miserable death are so well recorded by Pope. "*In the worst inn's worst room, &c.*"

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, died in 1705, at the age of 68. Pope says of him,

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died," &c.

The Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas More, and Sir Walter Raleigh, fell by the axe. Sir Philip Sydney was killed in battle, Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned in the tower, Marlow was killed in a fray, and Creech hanged himself. Fletcher died of the plague. Chatterton poisoned himself before he was 19. Falconer was lost at sea.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, distinguished for his poetical talents, died in 1608, between 60 and 70.

Greville, Lord Brooke, esteemed as a poet in Elizabeth's reign, was assassinated by his servant in 1628.

Lord Viscount Falkland, in whose praise Clarendon is so profuse, fell, in his 34th year, in the battle of Newbery, 1643. His poems are now little known.

I have not been able to ascertain the age of the Earl of Stirling, who died in 1640. He was a writer of considerable merit.

The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, both known in the republic of letters, died, the former in 1676, at the age of 84; the latter in 1678, being, I should suppose, near 60.

Boyle, Earl of Orrery, of no mean rank as a poet, died in 1679, aged 58.

In this brief notice, into which I have been led, of noble poets, I must not omit the Duke of Wharton, whose character by Pope is so well known. He died before he was 35, worn out by dissipation, in a Bernardine convent in Spain. His life is the most curious and interesting of any I ever read. It exhibits the most complete union of splendid and versatile abilities, with thoughtless and extravagant conduct that ever marked a literary character.

POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN—DIED BETWEEN

20 and 30	30 and 40	40 and 50	50 and 60	60 and 70	70 and 80	80 and 90
Beaumont	Sir T. Wyat	Spenser	Lydgate	Ben Jonson	Chaucer	Waller
Randolph	Rochester	Habingdon	Shakspeare	Sir W. Davenant	Wotton	Jenyns
Nat. Lee	Granville	Cowley	Daniel	Milton	Drummond	Home
Farquhar	Pomfret	Fletcher	Donne	Butler	Bishop Hall	
R. West	Otway	Roscommon	Fanshaw	Dryden	Villiers, D. of Buckingham	
Dermody	J. Phillips	King	Denham	Duke	Sheffield, D. of Buckingham	
	Hammond	Stepney	Marvel	Yalden	Shirley	
	Collins	Walsh	Prior	Mrs. Rowe	Spratt	
	Moore	Hughes	Congreve	Young	Watts	
	Churchill	Addison	Hallifax	Lyttleton	D'Urfey	
		Rowe	Garth	Mallet	Blackmore	
		Creech	Tickell	Cowper	Swift	
		E. Smith	Pope	Beattie	Glover	
		Parrell	Broome		A. Phillips	
		Fenton	J. Dyer		Armstrong	
		Somerville	G. West		Johnson	
		Gay	Gray		Darwin	
		Pitt				
		Green				
		Savage				
		Thomson				
		Shenstone				
		Akenside				
		Cunningham				
		Falconer				
		Goldsmith				
		Mrs Robinson				
		Sir William Jones				
6	10	28	17	13	17	3
	6	16	44	61	74	91
	16	44	61	74	91	94

Total 94.

I am aware that the above list contains the names of many persons whose writings are now of little esteem; and likewise that it might have been much increased by the addition of many more such. But I consider that, whatever were the merits of these respective writers, their habits were in general similar; and that they were all marked by their love of, and devotion to, letters. And ninety-four is a sufficient number to mark the proportion which each column bears to the others; and I apprehend that that relative proportion would not be altered if the number were increased.

Upon comparing this estimate with the general bills of mortality, (making allowances for the advanced period of life at which it begins, and for the circumstance of there being but two women in it) I do not hesitate to say that it will be found to have considerably the advantage. For though, as in other cases, death has been most destructive between the ages of 40 and 50, yet it has in this instance permitted a greater proportion to reach the full period of existence (70) than can be calculated upon out of ninety-four persons (above 20 years old) to be taken indiscriminately from the mass of population.

I pretend, however, to offer but few observations on the subject. I leave it to those who feel interested in literary pursuits to make their own calculations, which I think will, on the whole, be found in favour of a devotion to polite literature.

In the lives of the poets, I have almost every where met with adversity. I have seen genius, proudly conscious of its own unrivalled eminence, constantly depressed by disappointment, and overwhelmed with sorrow. Rich only in mental powers, it has had all the severities of poverty to contend with, while education has too frequently laid the foundation for expensive habits, of which the conscious superiority of the enlightened soul has as frequently facilitated the indulgence. And when it is recollected, that Poverty assails the bosom of sensibility with multiplied tortures, and not unfrequently prostrates the splendid energies of the mental man by its inroads on his outward frame and appearance, it will be found that the poet dearly purchases his posthumous reputation.

I shall, in a future number, present you with a table or scale, which I am preparing, wherein the pecuniary circumstances, habits, talents, reputation, and fate of the above poets will be classed and compared.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

HENRY FLETCHER.

15*th Sept.* 1808.

A POETICAL RECIPE FOR THE ASTHMA.

Sir,

GOUT and *Rheumatism* have found shelter in your pages, and perhaps many may be now deriving ease and benefit from the remedies you have promulgated. Then why not *Asthma*, a disease (and I speak from experience) as afflictive as either of the above? To be sure my recipe has not such a grave appearance as my predecessors; but Apollo is the god of physick and of poetry too; and why may not his disciples use both when they can? That the remedies and precautions contained in the following are *practically good*, I myself know: and it is something novel to have a poetical recipe.

I remain, &c.

SHORTBREATH.

COME, old friend, accept of me
The following rules, without a fee.
An asthma is your Case, I think,
So you must neither eat nor drink:
I mean of meats preserved in salt,
Nor any liquors made from malt;
From season'd sauce avert your eyes,
From hams and tongues and pigeon pies:
If venison pasty's set before ye,
Each bit you eat—*memento mori*.
Your supper, nothing if you please,
But above all, no toasted cheese.
'Tis likely you will now observe,
What I prescribe will make you starve:
No; I allow you at a meal,
Part of a neck, loin, or leg of veal;
Young turkies too, I'll let you eat;
Partridges and pullets, by way of treat:
House-lamb boiled, I suffer too—
The devil's in't if that won't do.

Now, as to liquor, why, indeed,
Might I advise, it should be mead;
Glasses of wine, to extinguish drought—
Drink two with water, three without.
Let constant exercise be try'd,
And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride.
Health's oftner found on Highgate-hill
Than in the doctor's nauseous pill.
Be not in haste, nor think to do
Your business with a purge or two;
Some, if they are not well at once,
Proclaim the doctor for a dunce:
Restless from quack to quack they range,
When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
Nature hates violence and force,
By method led and gentle course:
Rules and restraints you must endure—
Ills brought by time, 'tis time must cure.
The use of vegetables try,
And prize Pomona in a pye:
Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
And leave fair Venus unenjoy'd.
Whate'er you take put something good in,
And worship Ceres in a pudding.
For breakfast, it is my advice,
Eat gruel, sago, barley, rice;
Take burdoch roots, and by my troth,
I'd mingle daiseys in the broth.

Thus you with ease may draw your breath,
Deluding what you dread not—death:
Laugh with your friends, be gay, and thrive,
Inrich'd by those whom you survive.

An Historic Vision.

Sir,

THOUGH "dreamers of dreams" have long slumbered through the countless variety of periodical publications; and though, after so many trials of patience, the very idea of a dream may be supposed sufficient to set the reader to sleep; yet have I been subject to a vision of so peculiar a nature, that I cannot refrain, in spite of every prudential apprehension, from communicating it to the world.

Methought (I use that expression as one of a quite visionary quality) that I had passed the dreary boundaries of the grave. I have been, Mr. Editor, from my youth, a patient student of the history of my native country, which I am very happy to say is England. Possibly from the frequent recurrence of ideas on this subject, or possibly—but away with conjectures on the cause; suffice it that I did dream I was introduced in that world whence very few travellers return, to the society of the chief of those personages with whose biography I was familiar. I remarked it as singular, that these illustrious characters exclusively occupied, in their own community, one division of the celestial residence to which I had, "an unbidden guest," gained entrance: a circumstance, as it strikes me, to be accounted for in two ways only.—First, that they adhered to each other in preference to ghosts of other descriptions, by choice, (which predilection would assuredly prove them deplorably deficient in taste), or secondly, that they were judged only fit company for each other. Which of these suppositions may be the more correct, I leave to the decision of the inquisitive.

Though confined, by coercion or preference, to one compartment of the celestial tenements, they still affected separate groupes; and reposed in recesses suited to their various propensities. The first party which I addressed (for I bore in my hand a large and awful goose quill, which, from time out of mind, has been considered a letter-patent for familiarity with departed greatness) consisted of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Lord Fairfax. The once-great protector was sitting, in a dejected attitude, over a certain fanatical work of the independents of his period, which I could not but observe he had torn in anger. An imperial diadem was on the table before him, which he had fancifully decked with black cloth, and, as I approached, he exclaimed fretfully, "Curst fanaticism! must ambition ever be thy object?" I could not behold this lamentable depression of a great man (for such, in spite of his faults, I must ever consider Cromwell) without concern; and, therefore, to comfort him, I observed, that whatever disasters might have been occasioned to his native island by the unhappy bias of his own enthusiastic notions, matters wore an infinitely better aspect in the nether world at this time. That an equitable law of toleration permitted freedom of sentiment to all, while a pure and enlightened church-establishment secured the safety of the government with which it was connected, by a judicious unison of caution, charity, and mildness.

"Ah!" said Cromwell, shaking his head mournfully, "is not a society even now creeping into the vitals of the commonweal, which seeketh to uphold your magistrates to scorn, by assuming the function of dragging forth those petty offenders, whom the law in its wisdom looketh over?" Thinking that he might allude to that most amiable institution the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and finding that he so deeply repented the calamities he had once brought on my country by a junction of ambition and bigotry, I said, "The persons to whom your excellency alludes are the most eminently-pious subjects of the realm, and the most fervent supporters in the whole empire of church and king."—"Pish!" cried he angrily; and, rising, he gave me so violent a kick on that part which no man of honour can suffer to be touched with impunity, that, if he had not been a ghost, I should certainly have knocked him down for his presumption

Disgusted with this treatment, (which all must allow rude, even from a protector) I advanced to a very well-made, good-looking gen-

tleman, who was sitting at table with two ladies and two little boys. He was helping the elder of these ladies to some perfumed viand of a costly nature; and he said, in a pleasing voice, as he handed the salver to the fair female, "Anne, my wife, have I sorted what suits thy relish?" The lady laughed as she took the salver, and answered, "Ah, Richard! it would be hard to persuade the deluded descendants of our people, that thou would'st tender to me aught which thy anointed hand had forborne to mingle poison with!" By these speeches I found that I was in company with Richard the Third, and Anne his Queen. The king looked grave, and shook his head thrice. "Shall Englishmen, my ever-dear wife!" exclaimed he, "pretend to any semblance of critical ability, while they sit down contented to receive the legends of the House of Lancaster, as probably just recitals of deeds enacted by the House of York?" —At this, Queen Anne could not avoid an interjection of contempt! But there are men," continued Richard; "there are writers——." He lowered his voice, but I thought I heard the names of Buck and Walpole; at which the other lady (who was no other than Elizabeth, wife of Henry the Seventh, but who dined with this party from preference) drew back in confusion, and whispered to the elder of the boys,—"Those fellows, (meaning the historians before noted) are perfect scandalizers! they pretend to assert that I liked your uncle better than my pretended lord —who, God bless him! was as sober and staid a man as you shall see!— But, I am sure, my dears!" added she, (casting an affectionate look on King Richard as she spoke) that you do not believe them—do you?"

"Certainly not!" replied the children in a breath; "for have not Hollingshed and Polydore Virgil told such abominable stories of our being murdered, and beaven knows what! that no historian can be believed thereafter?"

Much entertained (and indeed instructed) by this scene, I was just turning to seek fresh company, for I really felt ashamed to sit with a man so deeply injured as King Richard, when Queen Elizabeth interrupted my progress. She was attended by numerous men at arms; and ladies gorgeously attired (though the chief seemed chosen for homeliness of aspect) graced, in long array, the pomp and dignity of her train. At a reverential distance, on the left hand of her majesty, walked my lord of Essex, who, though he had many coxcombical airs, never ventured to aproach within a due length of his imperious monarch. As the queen nodded graciously on me, I ventured to draw near. Reflecting that I was in the presence of that *rara avis*, a virgin-queen, I endeavoured to ingratiate myself into the good graces of her majesty, by deploring very pathetically the extreme indelicacy of the modern press, in regard to the liberties taken with female characters, whom the purlieus of a court should certainly render exempt from vulgar derision.

"P'sha!" exclaimed she, in a voice that made me start, "Can any scandal which alludes to thy effeminate age equal the base and unmanly insinuations cast on my fair fame?— Let the chroniclers of thy boldest suspicions out-pen the caitiff who first dared stain my name with the weakness and criminality of an illicit connection, and then, by G—d!—" The impending threat was too terrific; and, in attempting to hurry away, I ran full against Edward the Black Prince, who was clad in complete mail, though, to my great surprise, his armour was of bright steel; and, on looking in his face, I soon found, that from an atrabilious complexion, and not from a sable character of dress, it was that his title had been derived. He was a knight of very courtly manners, and bowed with a species of humility quite unusual to princes, on my addressing him. He complained, with much feeling, of the injury done to him by Dr. Smollett, who has not scrupled, in his English history, to call this illustrious chieftain "a ruffian, with no quality but personal courage to recommend him."

I shortly after saw Cardinal Wolsey, who assured me, upon his honour, that he was much wronged by those writers who asserted that his

father was a butcher; for that he was, in fact, the son of a private gentleman at Ipswich. I likewise had a short conversation with Henry the Seventh, who smiled disdainfully on my noticing to him the severity with which Dr. Henry has handled him, in regard to the avarice so generally ascribed to this monarch as his ruling passion. "My good Sir!" said he, (that was his very term, and indeed I remarked that all the sovereigns connected with chivalrous periods possessed a suavity of manner by no means discoverable in those who had flourished in the more mercantile ages, however polished those ages may be esteemed by the mercantile people themselves) "My good Sir!" said Henry the Seventh, "was it prejudice, or a temporary absence of all reflective talent, that induced the learned Doctor to brand my memory with so pitiless and unqualified a censure?—Make my compliments to him, if you should ever meet, and remind him that I lived in the precise point and period when political power vibrated between two characters,—baronial hardihood of courage, and the more subtle and all-pervading influence of gold. Foreign commerce was just expanding in the bud. Home manufactures, by a re-acting principle, were successfully calling forth the infant arts of agriculture. I perceived that a new species of supremacy was in my grasp. While a mere contention at arms determined superiority, each baron was a monarch, and internal warfare the fatal bequest of every successive sovereign to his harassed people. Money, the great feeding principle of those energies now first appearing in the commonwealth, I treasured as a counterbalance to the ambition and ferocity of the barons. Acting on a deliberate conviction, I was steady in my purpose, and attained a permanent triumph for my successors over the turbulent assumption of the lords. Domestic tranquillity was the fruit of my efforts.—Is it not then cruelty, the most blind and injurious, to load me with the opprobrium of practising tyranny for the gratification of personal avarice?"

But the groupe which struck me as peculiarly deserving of notice, consisted of the English Queen Mary, Bishop Gardiner, and Fox the martyrologist. The queen was sitting in an attitude of ardent contemplation, with a book open before her, which I found, with some surprise, to be no other than an English translation of the Bible. Gardiner addressed some words to her in an imperious tone, though their particular purport has escaped my memory, but the queen turned with appalling disgust from his glance.—"Begone!" said she, with mournful indignation, "through too fatal a period of mistaken severity was I the blind servitor of your oppressive wishes. Quit me! if all my arguments are indeed unable to soften thy asperity, and take this for thy consolation—the memorialists who note the transactions of our calamitous day, have not courage to fix the stigma of thy austere deeds on a person capable of masculine retaliation! Go thy ways: thou art safe: they will lightly glance over the imperious churchman, whose frown no cowardice can endure, to heap, with thrice-told-treble rancour, their vengeance on the sprinkling and affrighted head of a defenceless woman!"

After saying this, her majesty turned to poor Fox, who truly seemed in a very moving and sorrowful plight: he was kneeling at the feet of the queen, and in the act of tearing a considerable number of pages from his work, which he scattered in the passing wind; and (weeping most plentifully the while) exclaimed,—"Forgive me, much injured princess!" I do confess that I basely calumniated thee, from an unjustifiable fervour of party-spirit, and because I was sure no person would dare to answer me! I do confess, that, in the book I now hold, (which is a very good book, notwithstanding, in many places) I have martyred a great number of thy loving subjects, who were alive and laughing after my work came from the press! I do confess that I have acted like a puppet-show man, or stage-manager, in my artful introduction of fire, faggot, and double interments by way of side scenery! I do confess——" Much more he would have added, but the spirit of a princess took fire at the abject cast of his contrition, and she

bade him rise, and retire, with the denizen of her compassion; then turning to me, she was graciously pleased to say, "Ah, Sir! since I have read in my native tongue this precious volume," (touching the book on the table) "and discarded from my councils that bigotted churchman whom you lately saw quit my presence, I view the great interests of the christian church in a light quite different from that in which they formerly met my regard. My best respects to the protestants of your period, and assure them that I feel sincerely for their credit and welfare. Tell them how severely I repent that persecuting spirit for which my name was once unhappily extorted as a sanction. Tell them, if I lived in your bright and philanthropic day, that I would grant the blessing of toleration to all; and fervently request, as they love the christian charity which they affirm I, alas! wanted, that they will not, in their own persons, fall into the very error which they so pointedly condemn in me."

I obtained considerable favour from other characters, chiefly of a more modern date, with which I may, perhaps, at a future period, trouble your readers, if I find that the portions of my dream already narrated have failed to set them to sleep;

And am, Sir, your's, &c.

TIM. SLEEPWELL.

Mr. FLETCHER *to the* EDITOR.

SIR,

SOPHOS, a correspondent in your last number, (p. 101) proposes, for the consideration of your readers, a question concerning the happiness of man, as derived from the gratification of his senses, and from the strict practice of virtue.

Before I any way consider the question, I must premise, that, as it is possible for man to gratify all his senses, to the utmost extent of the pleasure of which they are susceptible, without any way interfering with his habitual practice of moral and religious duties, it ought rather to be enquired, whether happiness depends more upon the indulgence of the senses *only*, supposing an absence of all virtue, than upon a conduct of which virtue is the basis. And here the question is lost. For surely no one will hesitate to say, that a greater portion of happiness must belong to the man whose practice is that of virtue, than to him to whom virtue is unknown; seeing, that, without neglecting a moral or a religious duty, man may indulge all his senses to the utmost.

By abandoning the path of honesty, a man can create no new sense to which he was before a stranger, or which he might not before have lawfully indulged. He may indeed stimulate to corrupt and enormous excesses the jaded appetites of sensuality: but they perish in the new created fires; and at the moment when rapture is anticipated, exhaustion supervenes. Vain are the speculations of sensual avarice! To a pitch of extreme pleasure all the senses may, without offence, be indulged: but for him whose depraved and unsatisfied mind would grasp at more, there is nothing but an immediate reverse of pain.

I think the question is answered as far as relates to *individual* happiness. —But if your correspondent would enquire whether happiness among men is derived chiefly from one of the two sources he has pointed out, I should answer immediately that the scale of sensuality greatly preponderates. The pleasure resulting from virtue has no existence but in the mind: and how few are the minds among the countless inhabitants of earth, capable of sublime and independent enjoyment, in comparison with those whose only pleasure is derived from the daily gratification of his senses.

Thus it appears to me, that though the virtuous man must incontestibly be pronounced *happier* than him who is merely sensual; still there is in the world a *majority* whose happiness is the result of sensuality.

This is not an opinion which can derive much support from argument. It is rather a matter of calculation. The moralist may wish that it were otherwise; but he must disbelieve the evidence of his eyesight if he thinks it is so.

Your correspondent talks of prejudice and fanaticism, as if they might

interfere with the question, which they in no way can; and then desires that present may not be confounded with future happiness. There was no necessity for this: he does not surely suppose that any one, but a Mahometan or a savage, would sit down to prove that future happiness is to depend either on all, or any of, the senses.

7th Sept. 1808. H. F.

P. S. It was my intention to have added a few words, in answer to Mr. Benson, (id.) who seems inclined to cavil with a passage in Locke. That author's essay concerning human understanding is divided into four books: those books consist, each, of many chapters, and those chapters are subdivided into sections. It was my intention to have assisted myself, in removing Mr. Benson's objections, with the *context*. But that gentleman referring only to "*the ninth section*," I shall defer my communication, till he mentions the book and the chapter.

The Contemplatist.
No. XI.

Voulez-vous prévenir les abus et faire d'heureux mariages? etouffez les préjugés, oubliez les institutions humaines, et consultez la nature.—Rousseau.

THERE is no condition of life which so extensively operates upon its joys and miseries, as the human institution of marriage. It is a state into which some fly from choice, and some are driven by necessity: some adopt it from example, and some from convenience: while others embrace it without any distinct view of its nature, merely because they have been accustomed to regard it as something inevitable.

Of a situation so universal it might be expected that felicity would be a distinguishing character, for what all men do, must be done from some general anticipation of happiness. Yet I believe the voice of discontent is more frequently heard than of pleasure: and those who can number marriage among the blessings of their existence are to be envied for their good fortune, or for their apathy.

That marriages are often contracted with an imprudent disregard of mutual circumstances; that disparity of habit, temper, and character produces wretchedness in those who are compelled hourly to endure the collision of this disparity: that men are unreasonable, and women negligent: and that more than human perfection is expected from less than human virtue, are complaints of conjugal misery, too common and too true to need illustration from my pen. Neither do I propose to examine in my present paper the various other causes of matrimonial infelicity; but there is one prominent circumstance which will explain a great deal of this unhappiness, and which I do not remember to have seen noticed by any moralist.

The feelings of preference towards the opposite sexes, which nature has implanted in every bosom are so intimately inwoven with almost every incident of life, form so distinguishing a portion of human felicity, and are, in their unbridled tendencies so likely to produce error, that one great business of morality has ever been the sober and discreet direction of them. We all acknowledge their potency, either in our thoughts or actions; and the institutions of civil society have tended rather to acuminate than blunt their poignancy. By the frequency of intercourse, and by the arts of polished life, they are divested of their grosser particles, give a wider and more liberal range, and elevated to the rank of social enjoyment.

These feelings, directed towards one object and influenced by motives of convenience, choice, or necessity, produce marriage; which, simply considered, is but a contract by which mutual advantages are to be gained, and the form instituted by the church, a formal ratification of that contract.

I do not believe that language has any terms adequate to express the vast difference of feeling which arises in the heart, according as it is filled with gratified or ungratified desire. The fervour of the latter, and the frigid complacency of the former, have no more affinity than heat and cold. We awake as from a dream, when we wake from the full satiety of marriage: we look, but look in vain for, the enchanting prospect that before dazzled our sight:

we reflect with astonishment upon the amazing change. That this is so, the solemn dictates of every breast would declare, were they suffered to speak out: but it is a truth so unwelcome, that we strive to hide it from ourselves; and we strive to hide it from the world by a conduct which is the mixed offspring of humanity, respect, and esteem. Fiction and poetry indeed have sometimes given to wedlock the attributes of a single state: and weak minds have fancied that they saw or felt no change: but the former is known to be falsehood; and the latter, when they are to be found, should, in mercy, be left in the undisturbed possession of their ignorance.

What marriage is capable of giving, I believe to be this: a tender and affectionate friendship for each other, ripened by the lapse of years into such a mutual necessity, that the separation by death becomes a painful and dreaded event. It is, however, possible to ascend higher than this, and very possible to fall lower. So much deception is practised on both sides before marriage, that its after days are too often but accumulated discoveries of vices, errors, and imperfections, the very existence of which were not suspected; and these discoveries are probably the first inlets to that settled and habitual indifference (I mean with a reference to the preceding state) which we never fail to discover in conjugal life. Marriage, therefore, may be regarded as the knell of those elevated joys which love inspires: love and marriage never can be united.

While I write this, I anticipate the exclamation of surprise with which my readers will peruse it. But before they condemn, let them understand; and to understand, they must have passed through both states. They who can identify the ardent, glowing, generous, and lofty emotions of unwedded love, with the tame, dull, satiated, and placid feelings of matrimonial union, may be envied for a happy obtuseness of mind, but can be admired neither for power of discrimination nor firmness of truth. The very sense of mankind, indeed, seems to rise against the supposition: for what is more generally ridiculed and despised than connubial dotage? and it is ridiculed and despised because it must be either unnatural or false. No: we expect the discreet sobriety of decent esteem: but we are disgusted with the shadow of what has no longer the vital spirit to animate it.

Intellectual cultivation has a necessary and decided tendency to produce a susceptible character; or, in other words, while it creates additional capacities for pleasure, it also refines our sense of it: and there is no pleasure so perpetual or, perhaps, so intense, as that which results from the intercourse of the sexes. I speak of any intercourse but sensual. Hence, in the ascending scale of society, we find a corresponding elevation of this delight: and the more we remove from the merely animal creature, the more we shall find the intellectual one deriving pleasure from a source in which the senses have little or no share. At this point of ascension, the free communication between the sexes forms a leading character of human felicity: and as it is deprived of all grossness of expectation, it may be considered as one of the purest gratifications of which society is capable.

How is it then that it has been thought necessary to regard this pure and incorrupt intercourse between the sexes, as essentially hostile to, and incompatible with, the state of marriage?

Marriage has no power to root out the settled habitudes of nature: it has no power to quench the sympathy which links us to our kind, or to endow us with new senses. It leaves us as it found us, in full possession of all our natural and artificial desires: and while these desires reign within our bosoms, can happiness be compatible with their restriction?

The sordid maxim, that they who are united in wedlock, must have neither hands, eyes, nor ears, for any other human being, has been, is, and ever will be, the fruitful source of conjugal misery. It converts the state of marriage into solitary and unfruitful banishment: it renders it a gloomy disunion from our fellow creatures: it places a solemn interdict upon the emanations of social love and kindness, and makes its vic-

tims sullen, suspicious, and discontented. They find themselves, by their own act, held a captive in the most pernicious and hateful thraldom: they find that they have snapped asunder the link that held them to the world they moved in: they are no longer one of its members: they have drawn a magic circle round themselves, which they must not o'erleap: they sit down in pining misery within its narrow bounds, and waste their days in self-consuming anguish. All those fond delights which flow from unrestrained, yet pure, intercourse, are denied them: they have become a property: they are sold; converted into private possession: a purchased slave to the will and uses of another: their actions are misinterpreted: their intentions are misconceived: their very virtues made into vices: and the stainless purity of an angel soiled with the rank spots of diseased malice and slanderous imputation. Millions submit to this, and submitting are miserable. Some spurn at the ignoble and debasing bondage: rise superior to the petty trammels of corrupt minds: disdain every tribunal but their own conscience: and feel and act as become those who have reared the shrine of virtue in their hearts, and are not the blind worshippers of a false idol, erected by prejudice and adored by weakness.

The ceaseless love of variety, which no human being is without, and which indeed forms the basis of our moral and political advancement in society, this love of variety, for ever operating upon our feelings, propels us in search of new objects of delight. Nothing pleases in perpetuity, and why then human nature? Besides, in marriage, it too often happens, that the very conduct which endeared the parties to each other, prior to the nuptial ceremony, is forthwith laid aside; and when, in fact, additional reasons arise for every effort being made to retain, we carelessly throw away. But were it not so, the zest of novelty must decay, and what has already sickened with repetition, comes with no relish to our senses. Satiety produces indifference; and indifference, tied down to its object, generates absolute loathing and disgust. The art of pleasure is understood by few: the art of leaving, that return may be more sweet and grateful. The same viands, the same books, the same sports, the same occupations, however exquisite they may be in themselves, yet displease by constant repetition. The happiness of life consists in contrast: when wearied with the bustle of an active life, we fly to solitude: when sick of inactivity, we rush into the vortex of society and dissipation. We are, in every thing, hunting after change? and why then should we be confined to one gloomy scene of domestic existence?

Temporary absence from what is dear to us enhances the value of the treasure. We return to it with new fondness, and contemplate it with new delight. The placid comforts of home are felt with increased poignancy when occasionally relieved by the turbulence of public life, or the variety of mixed society. We may enchain the body, but who can forge fetters for the mind? We may remain, by compulsion, real or imaginary, by our fire side, but our thoughts are wandering through other scenes, and our imaginations tasting fancied happiness. The sense of what we ought to be, compared with what we are, makes us irritable: we revolt from the stale joys that once delighted, and might again, if not forced upon us: we become sullen, and banish from our hearts every feeling that would lead us to extract happiness from the circle of domestic life.

This is the consequence of that narrow prejudice, which supposes that marriage is to fasten its victim down to one object; to render it insensible to ought else besides, and to make it criminal to draw pleasure from a pure and innocent intercourse between the sexes. Were there any power by which the hearts of mankind might be read: were there some talisman that could, by its magic influence, give to every woe of human life its true origin, I do believe, that an awful proportion of the miseries of existence would be found to flow from the state of wedlock as it is now constituted. Jealousies, suspicions, reproaches, heart burnings, taunts, sullenness, malice, revenge, is the

black catalogue of vices that walk in its train: and these hateful passions are all conjured up by the interdiction of the natural emotions of the human heart, which, denied their legitimate objects, turn back upon themselves, stagnate into feculencies, and corrupt the very sources of worldly felicity. The mind rankles with the galling consciousness of the servitude it endures: nothing vigorous or healthful possesses it: all its feelings are embittered, and a pining anxiety preys upon its energies.

Some indeed, as I have already observed, disdain a thraldom so odious and so contemptible, and boldly marking out the path of their own conduct, contemn the railings of rancour, the insinuations of envy, or the allegations of malice, and satisfied in the conscious integrity of their own hearts, do not appeal beyond it. They cannot accommodate the tenor of their lives to the circumscribed notions of the vulgar, the illiterate, and the prejudiced: they are satisfied that their intentions are pure, and that no evil, directly or indirectly, flows from their proceedings: in the confidence of this certainty they have all the meed that virtue asks, and they can endure all the insults that virtue suffers. To be ranked among these is the proudest character of man. They who have not learned to respect themselves, must never aspire to the dignity of virtue: but they who have acquired that greatest lesson of our moral nature, have fortified themselves with an armour of adamant: they fear to do wrong, because they fear themselves: their breast is the volume and register of their deeds when they turn to read them: it is not open to the inspection of the world, for the world can read only its own language: in the pursuit of honest pleasure they are not to be turned aside by the finger of scorn or the tongue of slander: they feel that they are right, and, feeling so, bid their actions avouch their principles.

But there is another circumstance attached to this debasing notion of the sole property of married persons: a circumstance which, alone, ought to operate against its continuance: I mean the implied degeneracy of human nature.

I presume the strongest advocate for matrimonial possession will allow that the eyes and tongue are free, and that while personal derilection is avoided, that is avoided which is most suspected. Surely there is no abridgment of conjugal rights and privileges, if words and looks wander from one point: there is no attack upon domestic peace, no violation of domestic claims, when that is given to others which was never meant by God or man to be appropriated to one. Yet who can deny that the jealousy of connubial tyranny too often attempts to limit even these?

It would not be easy to imagine any principle more illiberal than this. It supposes so much inherent depravity in human nature, generally and individually: it establishes such a sensual object as the aim and end of sexual intercourse: and it destroys so captivating and so endearing a source of social happiness, that I am lost in wonder when I reflect upon the extent to which it is pursued.

I will conclude by observing, that while I assert the freedom of intercurse between the sexes, I reject all ideas but those of purity, virtue, and honour: that intercourse must be without a spot, or it is criminal; and I think well enough of human nature to believe that this is abundantly possible.

A BRIEF INQUIRY *into the* COMPARATIVE MERIT *of* ANCIENT *and* MODERN ELOQUENCE.

Sir,

THAT mental attainments are equal in every age, I will not undertake to maintain; but we may rationally infer, that, with the same causes of exertion, our faculties are at all periods able to produce the same effects. The superiority of the ancients in eloquence, chiefly directed to political purposes, is universally acknowledged; and it is my present object to inquire into a few of the circumstances which we may imagine to have operated in endowing their oratory with an influence so far exceeding that of modern times.

The question so often agitated, on the divine or human origin, of language, will naturally precede and conduct me to the subject now discussed.

It is not easy to conceive, that any organs of speech were imparted to mankind without end or purpose by the Deity: yet this imputation will arise from the supposition of a divine communication. We must suppose that the primitive language would embrace every system of sound that human organs were adapted to utter: but, as there are many tongues whose peculiar conformations are unattainable to one that has been educated from infancy in a different country, it is evident, after the introduction of various modes of speech, that the instruments of utterance would be no longer susceptible of their former extent of powers. The organs of aboriginal savages would be as pliant as those of infants at the present æra; and would be capable of articulating any sounds that instinct might suggest; as the latter can be now taught any individual language, whether natives of Great Britain or Otaheite, before inveterate habit has confirmed the acquiescence of their speech with the general dialect of the nation to which birth attaches them. That "*savages could bend their limbs into any postures agreed upon as the signs of ideas,*"* is almost too ludicrous for reply; since even civilised nations are only acquainted with the signification of these signs, by supplying the intermediate ideas with which the progress of language has rendered them familiar. The received axiom that each country reflects its character in the vernacular tongue, agrees with the theory of human invention, and the varying beauties and imperfections of different languages: but to the other opinion, it seems not equally accordant. The characteristics of the different systems of expression employed by mankind, will effect those of their oratory in a considerable degree.

The æra of mythology and that of chivalry† were both eminently favourable to poetry and imagination. Through the medium of the former was transmitted all the enjoyment which their bards were able to give; and it would render them impervious to disgust, from the very figures of speech that at present appear hyperbolic. The people who had been habituated to listen with complacency to the metamorphosis of their own species into stone, and similar fables, would scarcely feel surprised, if one orator invoked the *manes* of his fallen countrymen, as actually present; or, when informed by another, that the horror of a criminal action might confer life upon rocks and the inanimate scenes of nature. We must not therefore, with Mr. Hume, appreciate by the standard of our present taste, the blaze of eloquence, that was requisite for these feelings to make an impression upon their spectators, in the harangues of Pericles, Demosthenes, and Tullius.

As the learned languages were regulated by the quantity of syllables, for rhyme was not employed either in poetry or prose, the astonishing number of their different kinds of verse would frequently give to the rhythm of their prose an appearance of poetical metre, which would produce the same effect, in comparison with regular poetry, as the most animated blank verse of Milton, Akenside, or Thomson upon an English ear.*

Nor can I think that the collocation of words was ineffectual. They are disposed in modern tongues according to the orderly succession of ideas; but were often anciently arranged, according to their comparative importance and connexion. When Demosthenes exclaims, while exciting the spirit of his countrymen,† Μὴ παρα χωρεῖν της τάξεως ην οἱ πρόγονοι της ἀρετῆς μέτα πολλῶν και καλῶν κινδύνων κλησάμενοι καθέλιπον, it is impossible not to observe and to admire the immediate succession of the ideas, *ancestors, valour, arduous dangers;* but the same exact order of words would, in the English language, seem absurd, although we are irresistibly impelled in the original by the orator's vehe-

* Preface to Fry's Pantographia.

† Warton's History of English Poetry. Prel. Diss. 2.

* Κραλίστος ἐοικέναι ποιήμασι τε και μέλεσι ἰδὴς Δημοσθένους λόγος.—Dionysius Halicarnass. Περι Συνθ. Τυπμα, κέ, p. 224.

This subject alone would require a separate essay.

† Fin. Olynth. B.

mence of patriotism. The former method is allied to synthesis; and analysis is more agreeable to the latter.

In all the graces of gesture, a superior proficiency would be promoted by a greater progress in the liberal arts of sculpture and painting, and the general practice of gymnastic exercises. The universal study of eloquence, as the sole means of attaining honourable offices, combined with the freedom of manners arising from the form of government, subjected every question to the decisions of a vast assembly; whose presence alone was more conducive to animation than the limited number of modern senates, among whom are perhaps many ignorant and uninformed individuals. That judgment and sincere, unbiassed attachment to the interests of our native country, which is now a rarity, was then the general character; and undoubtedly far preferable, notwithstanding all the occasional commotions which this independence caused.

Thus the diffusion of those enlightened sentiments, among a large concourse of people, which are now confined to few, gave the ancient orators a considerable advantage of which the modern are entirely deprived; and it has been long admitted, that more patriots occur in the Grecian and Roman history than in the later annals of Europe, where courtly intrigue* maintains its sway against the investigations of reason.

Sept. 7, 1808. * * *

* *L'art de la politique*, fait il notre Histoire plus belle que celle des Grecs et des Romains? Montesquieu. *Pensées Diverses.*

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam"

THE POETICAL WORKS *of the late* CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, *Esq. with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. By his Son,* JOHN ANSTEY, *Esq.* 4to. 1808.

WE suppose there is scarcely one of our readers to whom "The New Bath Guide" is not familiar. Nearly half a century has elapsed since its first publication; and though its popularity has necessarily declined, it has yet found at all times a willing pleasure in perusal. The wit and humour, as they were general, were exempt from the perishable celebrity of personal satire; and the singularity of the metre concurred with the novelty of the plan and incidents to bestow upon it claims to posterity.

We shall not, however, proceed farther with our remarks, but proceed to abstract a biographical notice of the author, from such materials as his son has offered us.

Christopher Anstey was born on the 31st of October, 1724. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D. who was afflicted with such a deafness as never to hear the voice of his son: a circumstance which, it may be presumed, deprived him of many advantages in his infancy, and of many lessons of instruction.

Our author was sent, when very young, to school at Bury St. Edmunds, under the tuition of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman; and from thence removed to Eton, and placed in the fourth form as an oppidan, and afterwards on the foundation. He finished his studies at Eton under Dr. George, with a character highly creditable to him as a scholar, and went captain to the *Montem* in the year 1741. In the year 1742, he succeeded to a scholarship of King's College, and added to his reputation as a classical scholar. He was admitted fellow of King's in the early part of 1745, and in 1749 took his bachelor's degree in the University. After this period he chiefly resided at college, and had nearly completed the term of his qualification for the degree of master of arts, when, engaging in some popular opposition against an innovation attempted to be introduced into the college, he was refused his master of arts degree in 1749.

He continued a fellow of King's, and occasionally resided at college,

till his mother's death, in the year 1764, when he succeeded to the family estates and resigned his fellowship.

In the year 1756, he married Ann, third daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury-hall, in Hertfordshire. By this lady, who is still living, he had thirteen children, of whom eight survived him.

The first fourteen years after his marriage he passed at his seat in Cambridgeshire, dividing his time chiefly between the attractions of his own residence, which he had greatly improved, and the society of his particular friends, whom he occasionally visited in the country. His situation he thus describes, himself:—

"From wealth, from honours, and from courts remov'd,
I've kept the silent path my genius lov'd,
And pitied those whom fortune oft beguiles
With flatt'ring hopes from false ambition's smiles;
Hence far from me the prostituted hour
Of adulation base on pride or pow'r,
Hence (thanks to Heav'n!) I ne'er was doom'd to know
What bitter streams from disappointment flow,
Oh! bane of life's sweet cup!"

These cheerful scenes of innocent gratification were suddenly darkened by the death of an amiable sister, whom he tenderly loved. She was a lady (according to her nephew's account) of extraordinary endowments, and the particular friend of the late Mrs. Montague (then Miss Robinson) with whom she corresponded upon many subjects of criticism and morality.

Many years elapsed before Mr. Anstey so far recovered from this heavy loss as to be able to bear the mention of it with even tolerable composure. His health declined and a bilious fever ensued, for the cure of which he was advised to try the Bath waters, and which recovered him.

Among the acquaintance which he formed while residing upon his estate in the country, were Soame Jennings, who lived at Bottisham in Cambridgeshire, and Gray, the poet. It is well known to every reader of Mason's Life of Gray, that Mr. Anstey and Mr. Roberts translated the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" into Latin verse. The following letter of Gray to Mr. Anstey, upon this subject, is an interesting relick: after regretting that gentlemen who can express their own thoughts so well in Latin verse, should confine themselves within the limits of translation, he adds, "every language has its idiom, not only of words and phrases, but of customs and manners, which cannot be represented in the tongue of another nation, especially of a nation so distant in time and place, without constraint and difficulty; of this sort, in the present instance, are the curfew-bell, the Gothic church, with its monuments, organs, and anthems, the texts of scripture, &c. There are certain images, which, though drawn from common nature, and every where obvious, yet strike us as foreign to the turn and genius of Latin verse; the beetle that flies in the evening, to a Roman, I guess, would have appeared too mean an object for poetry, "that leaves the world to darkness and to me," is good English, but has not the turn of a Latin phrase, and therefore, I believe, you were in the right to drop it." After some verbal criticisms on particular passages, which were afterwards altered, he goes on to say, "might not the English characters here be romanized? Virgil is just as good as Milton, and Cæsar as Cromwell, but who shall be Hampden?"

The first publication of our author in English poetry was *The New Bath Guide*. It was composed at Trumpington, and printed at Cambridge in a 4to volume, in 1766. It was thus published anonymously, by a country bookseller, and at a distance from the spot which was the scene of the poem.

Although this poem obtained a high reputation for the author, it did not produce him very extensive profit. He sold the copyright to Dodsley, soon after the publication of the second edition, for 200*l.* and he gave the balance of his account with his bookseller at Bath to the benefit of the General Hospital in that city. Dodsley very candidly confessed, about ten years after he had purchased the *Bath Guide*, that his profits of the sale of it were greater than he had ever made by any other book, during the like period; and for this

reason generously gave back the copy-right to the author in the year 1777.

In 1767, he produced his "Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock, and the "Patriot," a Pindaric epistle, addressed to the noted Buckhorse, and the satire of which, as it is directed against pugilism, is too applicable at the present day. Buckhorse was a celebrated bruiser of his time, and actually sat for his picture, and a vignette of him is given in the present volume: he is *literally*

Monstrum horrendum, cui lumen ademptum.

Sir William Draper, the well-known antagonist of Junius, was one of the friends that Mr. Anstey possessed in his retirement. To him he addressed two sportive epistles, one with a copy of the *Patriot*, and a present of Cottenham Cheese; the other with a collar of brawn. To these Sir William returned a poetical answer; and it will not perhaps be uninteresting to our readers to see him in his riming character.

"So much, my Friend, your poem pleases,
I scarce have time to taste your cheeses.
Much I admire the infant's cradle,
Who for a pap-spoon grasp'd the ladle,
Split Lions' marrow-bones with cleaver,
And suck'd their essence for his beaver—
All wou'd I praise, but deaf Apollo
My invocation will not follow;
He, thy luxuriant vein still blesses,
Adorns with fancy's richest dresses;
But what the God to thee supplies
Nature perverse to me denies.
Hard as the ice of this day's frost,
My head to fancy's beam is lost;
But tho' the God no hopes will give,
Nor learned GLYN, that this may live,
Still in thy verse, O let my name,
Secur'd with thy more lasting fame,
To future times convey'd, pretend
Thou wert my earliest, dearest friend,
And still that name the more to grace,
Let me assume the patron's place,
As such, I send you cups of wine;
Let Bacchus with your Muses dine,
With Bacchus let the Muses drink,
And on the sender deign to think.
Accept *St. Kennet's* joyous claret,
A stranger to the rhymer's garret,
Who, though on earth to treat not able,
Most kindly spreads celestial table.
Something to drink, I'd have you know it,
Is no bad present to a Poet,
May what my cellars can afford
Add to the dainties of your board,
And if it can amusement give,
Hear how your friend has learn'd to live:
His sword (its barbarous use forgot)
Becomes the cook-maid's harmless lot,
To toast *your cheese*, and scrape the paring,
Is all the merit it can share in.
Manilla's ransom quite forgetting,
It asks no more another whetting.
By downy peace and rest undone,
"Othello's occupation's gone;"
The squeaking fife, and noisy drum
No more shall drag him from his home,
Nor circumstance of glorious war
Tempt him to mount Bellona's car;
His gentle spirit lulling wife
Comforts his mild decline of life,
Aside the dazzling helmet lays,
But no Astyanax round him plays.
Farewell! farewell! may Jove encrust
On guns and pikes perpetual rust:
For time, alas! begins to spread
His thin grey mantle o'er my head,
And with his much too serious play
Steals beauty, manhood, wit, away.
My breast thus sober reason enters,
Forbids to roam for fresh adventures,
Breathes her kind whisper in my ear,
"No more on false ambition leer;
"Be it thy only wish to find,
"And heal the woes of human kind."
But as I ne'er *humanely* lent
A *friend* my cash—at cent. per cent.
And am not quite so rich as those,
Who pull your Nabobs by the nose,
From no great source my bounty flows.
Why did I not, from zeal to pay
The nation's debt, some Rajah slay,
The great Mogul's own throne assail,
And catch his Peacock by the tail,
Which, Argus like, with hundred eyes
Of diamonds bright, is rapine's prize!
But to your friend much kinder heaven
Blest mediocrity has given:
Contentment, peace, conjoin'd to health,
Supply the place of wretched wealth,
Hence more true joy my bosom warms
Than e'er was felt from conquest's charms,
More than great Ammon's son could feel,
With vanquish'd monarchs at his heel;
More than to misers gold e'er gave,
Vain man's alternate lord and slave:
More than stern Philip ever drew
From tortur'd Incas and Peru:
More than thy cestus, Venus, gives,
More than in Prussian laurel lives.
Scarce, Ligonier! you more can know,
Whose heart with goodness taught to flow,
Sighs for occasions to bestow
Fair fortune's smiles; of human kind
The friend, to merit never blind,
Tho' manly, melts with pangs of grief,
When modest want avoids relief;

Scarce more ev'n thee, my Anstey, blesses
From wife's and children's dear caresses.
Long may you all unparted prove
The union of domestic love;
But as I can no longer hope
From you, from Horace, Shakspeare, Pope,
Both thought and language thus to take,
And what they wrote my own to make,
And undetected steal your metre,
Known at St. Paul's, or fam'd St. Peter,
With borrow'd lines no more I'll tease you,
But strive in honest prose to please you."

"*Manilla Hall, Jan. 9th*, 1768.

"DEAR ANSTEY,

"In return for your very kind present, and pretty verses, I send you some very bad ones. I had a mind to try, if, after 24 years interruption, I could again put my thoughts into metre; therefore you will not wonder so much at their mediocrity, as that I could write at all. Since which I have hammered out a few others for your perusal. To atone for which, I beg your acceptance of some claret, not to bribe your approbation, but as a kind remembrance of my friendship towards you and yours; as I can assure you, with much truth and sincerity, there is no man living, that I love and honour more than yourself. Your poetical talents are now so much known and admired, that, besides my private satisfaction, I have a public vanity in boasting that the Author of the Bath Guide is my particular friend; that he has composed under my roof. Let me not despair of enjoying that happiness again. I do not request it immediately; the season makes it impossible; but the spring will return as usual; then let me see you, *cum zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine primâ*—Mrs. Anstey is so interwoven with your happiness, and so deservedly makes the chief part of it, that to desire your company, is requesting her's of course. Caroline joins with me in this request: her house is now very pretty, but she cannot think it completely ornamented, until you promise to grace it once more with your companies. By the 20th I shall be at General Peirson's, in Hill-street; it will add to my pleasure to find your family in town.

"Adieu;

"Your affectionate Friend,

"WILLIAM DRAPER."

From the period of publishing the "Patriot" in 1768, the increasing cares and concerns of his numerous family occupied all his time and attention, and he now devoted himself to the task of preparing them for Eton. The period thus occupied in instruction, was about two years and a half; and during that time he abandoned all thoughts of poetry.

In the year 1770, he removed from Cambridgeshire, and took up his residence at Bath. He accordingly purchased a house in the Crescent, and became one of its first inhabitants. A short time after his arrival was published the "Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers, Knt." and which was generally attributed to his pen.

In the year 1776, he produced the poem called an "Election Ball," suggested by a subject given out at Mrs. Miller's poetical coterie at Batheaston*, and supposed to be letters from an honest haberdasher and freeman of Bath, written in the Somersetshire dialect, and giving an account of the election in that city to his wife at Gloucester. This was afterwards published and divested of its provincial idiom. This was followed by other poetical trifles, not worthy a distinct enumeration. In the 79th year of his age (1803), he wrote an Alcaic Ode to Dr. Jenner, in consequence of his very important discovery of the vaccine inoculation.

"In the early part of the year 1805, for the first time, in the memory of his children, he became seriously and alarmingly indisposed, but without any distinct malady, which he could

* "This poetical Coterie, as it was called, was an elegant morning assembly, instituted by Mrs. Miller, at her beautiful villa at Batheaston, after the model of the French Coteries, at that time so much in vogue at Paris. The declared object of it was to encourage a taste for polite literature, by cultivating the art of poetry, as a rational amusement for people of fashion resorting to Bath, or probably for the more obvious purpose of assembling, and entertaining in the most hospitable manner, all the beauty, rank, and fashion of the place. In this latter object, it was eminently successful."

accurately describe, or for which a remedy could be effectually recommended; his appetite failed him, his spirits became proportionably depressed, and his bodily strength correspondently impaired and exhausted. Dr. Haygarth was requested to attend him; he received him as a physician, in compliance with the wishes of his family, and for their satisfaction; and he welcomed him as a friend, whom he respected, and to whose superior skill, under Providence, he considered himself indebted for the preservation, and continuation of an inestimable blessing to the family, in the recovery of my mother's health; but without confidence, in his own particular case, or the smallest hopes, that it was in the power of medicine, or as he frequently expressed it, of the whole College of Physicians, to do him any service. With some experience of his own constitution, in favour of a decided opinion against the use of medicine, it must be confessed, that he had too little medical faith in general, though not the less esteem and respect for many gentlemen of great learning, and eminence in that profession. He was, however, not without expectation of a temporary relief from change of air, and he accordingly removed from Bath, to the residence of his son-in-law, H. Bosanquet, Esq. at Harnish House, Wiltshire. Although he might be said to have revived in some degree, upon his first coming into the country, he as suddenly relapsed, and gradually declined, and after several days confinement to his bed, calmly expired, in the 81st year of his age, without any apparent pain, in the midst of his surrounding family, and in the possession of his admirable faculties to the last.

"His funeral, by the appointments of his will, was conducted with that peculiar regard to decency, without ostentation, which had marked his conduct through life. His remains were deposited in the parish church of Walcot, in the city of Bath, and in the same vault with those of his fourth daughter, Sarah, the wife of Rear-Admiral Sotheby, and her two infant children."

The son has however, told us neither the month nor the day of his father's death; but such is the biographical information which this volume affords relative to its author. Let us now pass to a consideration of its poetical contents.

We do not think it necessary to examine, critically, the *New Bath Guide*; for it has already gathered the suffrages of public opinion. The wit, humour, and metre, were new, and of course they attracted imitators, who, as all imitators must, fell beneath their original. Of this poem, however, it cannot be denied that it has occasional passages of indelicacy and indecency, which must ever remain a blot upon its general excellence, and a reproach to its author.

The next piece in the volume is an Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock, the father of the late and the present Duke of Bedford, both of whom were then infants under two years of age. Our author's son, in speaking of this, says, "there is something in the manner and turn of the expression in these *beautiful lines* which distinguish them from the ordinary style of elegy. The abrupt apostrophe with which the poem commences, appears to be the natural and almost unpremeditated effect of the first emotions of pity in a benevolent mind; *it is the language of sympathy enlivened with the spirit of poetry.*" —Pardon to the errors of filial affection, if it be such! but if imbecility of judgement, we arraign it with all the severity of criticism. Let our readers peruse these initial lines, and decide whether they be elegiac or ludicrous:—

———"Virtuous youth!
Thank Heaven I knew thee not."

The "apostrophe" is "abrupt" enough, truly, and the rest of the elegy has precisely as much merit as can be discovered in the above two lines.

We do not think it possible for a son conscientiously to sit in judgement upon the writings of a deceased parent. Nature holds the balance, and with an unsteady hand: it vibrates between truth and falsehood, and as the latter preponderates, she sanctifies the ascendant scale.

Of the "Pindaric Epistle to Lord Buckhorse," we willingly praise the

design; but the execution is sometimes unequal: some words are also introduced, for which we suppose Buckhorse himself is the only authority. The following is the best part of the poem; and its humour will doubtless be relished by the *liberal* admirers of pugilism.

"'Twas at the *Westminster* election,
When factious chiefs brew'd insurrection,
A boist'rous independent wight,
Confiding in his giant might,
Provok'd thee to th' athletic fight;
Arraign'd thy free, thy British spirit,
And set at nought thy patriot merit;
With look malign, and taunt severe,
Swore that your Lordship's fate was near,
And whisper'd *Tyburn* in thine ear.
I heard the wretch thy mother curse,
With language vile, invective worse
Than reigns at *Billinsgate*, or even
At the fam'd chapel of St. ST—PH—N;
While you serene, with conscious virtue,
Pull'd off your waistcoat, and your shirt too,
And many a bang, and many a cuff,
Undauntedly sustain'd in buff.
But what I deem your Lordship's fort, is,
You lay collected like a tortoise,
Suffered the caitiff to bestride
And bruise thy unrelenting hide,
Till, prodigal of strength, the foe
Such toil no more could undergo,
And, quite exhausted, sat him down,
Thinking the laurels all his own:
But you, who found you'd got no harm yet,
First peep'd from underneath your armpit,
Then, to the joy of all beholders,
Rais'd up your head above your shoulders,
Pull'd up your breeches, scratch'd your head,
Spit in your hands, and roll'd your quid;
And then, like some great rhetorician,
Of *Greek* and *Roman* erudition,
In senates us'd to wield with ease
The thunder of DEMOSTHENES,
Open'd your budget to harangue him,
Before you undertook to bang him,
Thinking the hero well might bear
One short philippic in his ear.

"'Dost thou traduce the BUCKHORSE name,
"'And taint my virtuous mother's fame;
"'Thou miscreant base! dost thou presume
"'At *Tyburn* to announce my doom?
"'Think'st thou, by devils hatch'd, to quell
"'My *patriotic* principle?
"'Famine, dismay, and foul disgrace,
"'And pillory seize thy ruthless face,
"'Ugly as *Newgate* steps——
"'Witness ye pure, ye virtuous tribes,
"'Unmov'd by pensions and by bribes,
"'If e'er I pouch'd one single farthing,
"'Since *by G—d's grace* I've known the Garden;
"'E'er taken one unbritish measure,
"'To stain my hands with public treasure:
"'Say, have I tamper'd with the stocks?
"'(Behold this brass tobacco-box,
"'Fair Freedom's boon) have I play'd booty?—
"'At *Toot'nham-Court* I've done my duty.—
"'Ask of yon stage, where late I fought,
"'Ask BROUGHTON's self, if e'er I sought
"'One dirty job—ambition'd aught
"'But GILES's welfare!——
"'Yet still if gentlemen concur
"'My post of honour to transfer,
"'In abler hands my office fix,
"'I'm ready to resign my sticks.
"'Still shall I live to hear you peach,
"'And chaunt your own last dying-speech;
"'But come, thou sneaking varlet, now is
"'The time to shew thy strength and prowess:
"'Gird well thy loins, for I this day
"'With interest thy blows will pay."

You spoke—and put a look sedate on,
Bold as when MICHAEL frown'd on SATAN.
Then, with the rapid lightning's speed,
Drove, like a batt'ring ram, thine head,
Plump in his paunch; the chief astounded,
Back like a culverin rebounded.
As when some man of taste thinks proper
To cover o'er his house with copper,
If chance descends nocturnal JOVE
In storms of hailstones from above,
The garreteer, with wild affright,
Starts from the balmy blessings of the night,
Through all the live-long hours condemn'd to hear
The echoing dome re-bellow to his ear;
Thus was the valiant wight confounded,
His clatt'ring cheeks and temples sounded;
While you with frequent fist assail'd him,
With chuckers in the mazzard nail'd him;
And clicks upon the muns regal'd him;
Nor didst thou not amuse with leggers,
Cross buttocks, flying mare, and peggers,
Fall with your elbows in the bellows,
Scatter the grinders, close the smellers,
Darken the day-lights!—Muse, be brief——
You saw the store-room of the chief
Surrender its election beef,
Reluctant dumpling, beer, and gravy,
And heard each groaning bowel cry—*peccavi.*

From a classical scholar, however, we should scarcely have expected such discords as the following:—

When son and sire at once *espouses*
Her sacred cause in both their houses.
p. 161.

and

We ne'er have seen, or e'er shall see
A patriot so renown'd as *thee*. p. 144.

The "Appendix" to this Pindaric Epistle is written in the *manner* of the "New Bath Guide," and with a full portion of its grossness and indelicacy.

The "Election Ball" may almost be considered as a second part of the "New Bath Guide;" for we meet in it with the same metre, the same mode of illustration, and the same playful humour. Such things, however, are necessarily beneath serious criticism, and we shall therefore rather extract a portion for the amusement of our readers.

"Meanwhile pretty brisk, and uncommonly strong,
I tott'ring on two sticks went hobbling along;
Tho' I very much fear that she thought me a fogram,
All stuck out in satins, and I in my grogram;
Yet I'd have her to know, in my Sunday surtout,
Silk hose—new peruke—frill—and ruffles to boot,
I claim'd such respect, did such favours receive,
I ne'er shall forget them as long as I live;
For thou know'st, my dear wife, I esteem it delicious
To appear in high life, and am vastly ambitious
To be squeez'd, as I was, by my Lord PERRYWINKLE,
With—"your servant, good sir,—"how d'y'do, Mr. INKLE,
"What joy, my dear friend, all the world are you giving,
"To see you once more in the land of the living!
"So chearful and brisk, too, I'd venture a million
"If you laid down your cane, you could dance a cotillion—
"Your Lady looks charming, I burn to accost her,
My dear Lord, says I,—"Mrs. INKLE's at Glocester—
"Lack-a day," he replies, "then 'twas Lady KILLWRINKLE,
"Who, I think, is exceedingly like Mrs. INKLE;—
"Mrs. INKLE not here! this is no ball without her—
"She has carried away all the Graces about her—
"Your Lady at Glocester!—and pray do you hear,
"Mr. INKLE, how matters are jogging on there?
"I've a friend, my dear sir, at th' ensuing Election,
"Who pants to receive your advice and protection—
"I wish you'd"—says I, "my dear Lord, say no more,
"Your wish is enough, your commands I adore,
"And I'm sure Mrs. INKLE will think it an honour
"If your Lordship will lay your kind orders upon her,
"'Tis true I've no vote—but I'll use my endeavour,
"I've interest much at your service however.
"For I'm promis'd, my Lord—but (I beg and desire,
"I beseech as an alms, you won't let it transpire)
"Give me leave just to whisper a word in your ear,—
"Let us step to the card-room—there's nobody there,—
—"I am promis'd, my Lord, by old HUMPHRY POTWOBBLER—
"The votes of three taylors—two smiths—and a cobbler,—
"At this quite transported, one hand did he put on
"My shoulder, with t'other caught hold of my button,
"Mr. INKLE, says he, (and he shook it a little)
"I profess you have hit this affair to a tittle,
"And since with such kindness, such friendship you meant it,
"Depend upon't, Sir, you shall never repent it."——
I thought this account, my dear DINAH, would please ye,
(And the Irish Establishment now is so easy)
The least I expect if things properly fadge,
Is a pension for me—and a husband for MADGE;—
Thus with nods, winks, and simpers, each other delighting,
And poking our heads out, like game-cocks a fighting,
We stuck out our rumps with respect most profound,
And parted like cart-whips bent down to the ground.

The lighter pieces in this volume have nothing in them beyond what is common to every trifle from an ingenious pen; they are not absolutely intolerable, and yet they are not

worth reading. "The Farmer's Daughter, a poetical Tale," is very vapidly told. The volume concludes with some original Latin compositions, and a translation of several of Gay's Fables into the Latin language, which shew that the author had acquired no ordinary acquaintance with that tongue.

The volume is embellished with several excellent plates, illustrative of some of the most humorous incidents in the "New Bath Guide," and there are also two portraits of the author, one in his 31st and the other in his 52d year; but so utterly unlike each other, that, if they were ever both correct, we suppose Mr. Anstey altered more in the course of nineteen years than ever an adult did before.

We do not think this posthumous volume was a necessary publication, for certainly much of its contents is unworthy of perusal. The *New Bath Guide* has a peculiar merit; indeed so peculiar, that whenever he departs from the *manner* of it, he loses all attention from the reader. Hence the "Election Ball," and the "Appendix to the Pindaric Epistle," are, after the *Bath Guide*, the best pieces in the volume. Mr. Anstey was, in fact, quite unfit for serious poetry, or even for comic poetry, unless moulded to the form of his first effort. In that we behold novelty of idea, humour, wit, and singularity of incident; but in his other pieces, we find nothing which may not be found in Magazines and Anthologias.

To the Editor of this volume we would observe, that there is no such word as *acquaintances* in the English language; (see p. xiv. and xlix.) and that the grammatical error in the following sentence would subject a school-boy to punishment:—

"There is something in the manner and turn of the expression in these beautiful lines which *distinguish* them, &c.—p. xxv.

A HISTORY *of the early Part of the Reign of* JAMES THE SECOND; *with an introductory Chapter. By the Right Hon.* CHARLES JAMES FOX. *To which is added, an Appendix.* *London.* 1 vol. 4to. 1808.

THERE is always difficulty in estimating the posthumous productions of a great man; and this difficulty is increased when expectation has been wrought up to a height, and panegyric lavished, in the confidence of superiority. The decision that is passed upon such a performance, if favourable, will be accused of partiality; if unfavourable, of malignity. It seems to be believed that the human mind is confounded with the mightiness of its object, and that knowledge and discrimination, judgement and skill, are paralysed by the contemplation of something that must be extraordinary.

But this is an infatuation which disappears in the lapse of time.—Whatever hazards contemporary opinion may undergo, that of posterity will be delivered from them; and however in some instances the power of a political name may operate upon the minds of a party, yet there is an after tribunal where the voice of cabal is not heard, nor the awe of greatness felt.

The opinion, indeed, that supposes it impossible to fix the boundaries of merit even to the highest efforts of lately-departed genius, is, if generally applied, erroneous. Inferior minds stand in reverential silence before them: what they cannot comprehend they imagine they may at least admire: and, with the imbecility of pupilage, they reverence what they think they have no right to dispute. Nor is it always possible for superior intellects to shake off the influence of prescriptive veneration: in them, however, it is a becoming modesty, which unwillingly doubts the general voice of mankind.

When we opened the volume now before us, we experienced something analogous to what we have above stated: we felt a sort of difficulty in divesting ourselves of what the author was, and in reducing our mind to that equable condition which should enable us to estimate the merits of the work by the pure, abstracted rules of criticism. We have endeavoured, however, to silence the voice of *custom*, and to forget all that may impede the legitimate exercise of our judgment.

But before we pass to a consideration of the volume itself, there is an introductory chapter, by the noble editor (Lord Holland), which will be sufficient for our notice in the short space we can allot to the subject in the present number.

Mr. Fox did not live to complete his history, according to the outline he had marked out for himself: this, therefore, is, after all, but an historical fragment. The precise period at which he first formed the design of writing a history is not known; but so early as the year 1797, he announced publicly his intention of devoting "a greater portion of his time to his private pursuits;" (*Parl. Deb. May* 26, 1797.) and he had even fostered the resolution of relinquishing parliamentary duties entirely.

"His philosophy," says Lord Holland, "had never rendered him insensible to the gratification which the hope of posthumous fame so often produces in great minds; and, though criticism might be more congenial to the habits and amusements of his retreat, an historical work seemed more of a piece with the tenour of his former life, and might prove of greater benefit to the publick, and to posterity. These motives, together with his intimate knowledge of the English constitution, naturally led him to prefer the history of his own country, and to select a period favourable to the illustration of the great general principles of freedom, on which it is founded; for his attachment to those principles, the result of practical observation, as well as philosophical reflection, far from having abated, had acquired new force and fresh vigour in his retirement.

"With these views, it was almost impossible that he should not fix on the Revolution of 1688. The event was cheering and animating. It was the most signal triumph of that cause to which his publick life had been devoted; and, in a review of its progress, he could not fail to recognize those principles which had regulated his own political conduct. But the choice of that period was recommended by yet higher considerations; the desire of rescuing from misrepresentation, the most glorious transaction of our history; the opportunity of instructing his countrymen in the real nature of their constitution; and the hope of impressing on mankind those lessons applicable to all times, which are to be drawn from that memorable occurrence.

"The manner in which the most popular historians, and other writers of eminence, had treated the subject, was likely to stimulate him more strongly to such an undertaking. It could not escape the observation of Mr. Fox, that some, from the bias of their individual opinions, had given a false colour to the whole transaction; that others had wilfully distorted the facts to serve some temporary purpose; and that Bolingbroke, in particular, had confounded the distinct and even opposite views of the two leading parties, who, though they concurred in the measure, retained even in their union, all their respective tenets and fundamental distinctions.

"According to his first crude conceptions of the work, it would, as far as I recollect, have begun at the Revolution; but he altered his mind, after a careful perusal of the latter part of Hume's history. An apprehension of the false impressions which that great historian's partiality might have left on the mind of his reades, induced him to go back to the accession of King James the Second, and even to prefix an Introductory Chapter, on the character and leading events, of the times immediately preceding.

"From the moment his labour commenced, he generally spoke of his plan as extending no further than the settlement at the Revolution. His friends, however, were not without hopes, that the habit of composition might engage him more deeply in literary undertakings, or that the different views which the course of his enquiries would open, might ultimately allure him on further in the history of his country. Some casual expressions, both in conversation and correspondence, seemed to imply that the possibility of such a result was not entirely out of his own contemplation. He acknowledged that some papers which I had the good fortune to procure in Spain, 'though they did not

relate to his period exactly, might be very useful to him, and at all events entertaining; nay, possibly, that they might make him go on further than he intended.'* As his work advanced, his allusions to various literary projects, such as an edition of Dryden, a Defence of Racine and the French Stage, Essay on the Beauties of Euripides, &c. &c. became more frequent, and were more confidently expressed. In a letter written to me in 1803, after observing, that a modern writer did not sufficiently admire Racine, he adds —'It puts me quite in a passion. *Je veux contre eux faire un jour un gros livre*, as Voltaire says. Even Dryden, who speaks with proper respect of Corneille, *vilipends* † Racine. If ever I publish my edition of his works, I will give it him for it, you may depend. Oh, how I wish that I could make up my mind to think it right, to devote all the remaining part of my life to such subjects, and such only! Indeed, I rather think I shall; and yet, if there were a chance of re-establishing a strong Whig party, (however composed,)

'Non adeo has exosa manus victoria fugit
Ut tantâ quicquam pro spe tentare recusem."

His love of polite literature never forsook him even in the most active periods of his political career: his letters to his intimate friends were filled with grateful mention of the pleasure he derived from Euripides and Virgil. The following will illustrate this:—

"Dear Grey,

"In defence of my opinion about the nightingales, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a *merry* note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not call it any where merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply, that it was a chearful note. Sophocles is against us; but even *he* says, lamenting *Itys*, and the comparison of her to Electra, is rather as to perseverance day and night, than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragick poet is not half so good authority in this question, as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the Odyssey, where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness, that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the Odyssey, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt, whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the Flower and Leaf, p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus, is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch, in the Flower and the Leaf; in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there: it is quite delightful. I am afraid I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c. as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.

"Your's, affectionately,
"C. J. Fox."

We do not know that we can better gratify our readers than by the following account of the fate of the papers of James II. lodged in the Scotch college at Paris:

"One of the earliest and greatest difficulties that he encountered in the course of his labours, arose from the manner in which Mr. Macpherson and Sir J. Dalrymple had explained and conducted their respective publications, and which he always considered as unsatisfactory. His complaints of both these authors were frequent; and the more he examined and studied their books, the more he perceived the necessity of making some further researches. He was anxious, if possible, to consult the original documents from which their extracts were made; and he was at first apprehensive, that nothing short of an examination of all the manuscripts of the Scotch college at Paris, could enable him to determine the degree of credit due to the extracts of Macpherson. But he must very soon have despaired

* MS. Correspondence.

† Mr. Fox often used this word in ridicule of pedantic expressions.

of obtaining that satisfaction, for he had strong reasons to suspect, even before his journey to Paris in 1802, that the most valuable part, if not the whole of them, had been destroyed. Three important points however, might yet be ascertained:—1st, Of what the manuscripts, so long preserved in the Scotch College at Paris, actually consisted;—2ndly, To what part of them either Carte or Macpherson had access;—3dly, Whether any portion, copies or fragments, of the papers were still in existence. The result of his enquiries will be best given in his own words, though upon the first point he had ascertained* something more than appears from the following extract of his letter to Mr. Laing.

" 'With respect to Carte's extract, I have no doubt but it is faithfully copied; but on this extract it is necessary to make an observation, which applies to all the rest, both of Carte's and Macpherson's, and which leads to the detection of an imposture of the latter, as impudent as Ossian itself. The extracts are evidently made, not from a journal, but from a narrative; and *I have now ascertained beyond all doubt*, that there were in the Scotch college *two distinct* manuscripts, one in James's own hand, consisting of papers of different sizes bound up together, and the other a sort of historical narrative, compiled from the former. The narrative was *said* to have been revised and corrected, as to style, by Dryden† the poet, (meaning probably Charles Dryden, the great poet's son) and it was not known in the college whether it was drawn up in James's life, or by the direction of his son, the Pretender. I doubt whether Carte ever saw the original journal; but I learn, from undoubted authority, that Macpherson never did; and yet, to read his Preface, page 6 and 7, (which pray advert to) one would have supposed, not only that he had inspected it accurately, but that all *his* extracts at least, if not Carte's also, were taken from it. Macpherson's impudence in attempting such an imposition, at a time when almost any man could have detected him, would have been in another man, incredible, if the internal evidence of the extracts themselves against him were not corroborated by the testimony of the principal persons of the college. And this leads me to a point of more importance to me. Principal Gordon thought, when I saw him at Paris, in October 1802, that all the papers were lost. I now hear, from a well-informed person, that the most material, viz. those written in James's own hand-writing, were indeed lost, and in the way mentioned by Gordon, but that the Narrative, from which only Macpherson made his extracts, is still existing, and that Mr. Alexander Cameron, Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh, either has it himself, or knows where it is to be found.'

" The above information was correct. There is strong presumptive evidence, that the manuscripts of King James the Second were destroyed, but the Narrative, as described, was then, and is now, in the hands of Dr. Cameron, Roman Catholic Bishop in Edinburgh. It could not be in possession of a person who is better qualified to judge of its merits, and on whose fidelity, should he be induced to print it, the public might more implicitly rely. I am indebted to

* " Among Mr. Fox's papers was found a list of 'the works which were placed in the Scotch college at Paris, soon after the death of James the Second, and were there at the time of the French Revolution.' It is as follows:

" Four volumes folio, six volumes quarto,—Memoirs in James the Second's own hand writing, beginning from the time that he was sixteen years of age.

" Two thin quarto volumes,—containing letters from Charles the Second's ministers to James the Second (then Duke of York), when he was at Brussels and in Scotland, MS.

" Two thin quarto volumes,—containing Letters from Charles the Second to his brother, James Duke of York, MS."

† " It is the opinion of the present possessor of the narrative, that it was compiled from the original documents by Thomas Innes, one of the superiors of the college, and author of a work entitled, *A Critical Essay on the ancient Inhabitants of Scotland.*"

his accuracy and friendship, for some additional information respecting the manner in which the manuscripts of the Scotch college were lost. As the facts are in themselves curious, I lay before the reader his succinct and interesting relation of them, contained in a letter to me, dated Edinburgh, March 2, 1808:—

"'Before Lord Gower, the British embassador, left Paris, in the beginning of the French Revolution, he wrote to Principal Gordon, and offered to take charge of those valuable papers, (King James's Manuscripts, &c.) and deposit them in some place of safety in Britain. I know not what answer was returned, but nothing was done. Not long thereafter, the Principal came to England, and the care of every thing in the college devolved on Mr. Alexander Innes, the only British subject who remained in it. About the same time, Mr. Stapleton, then President of the English college of St. Omer, afterwards Bishop in England, went to Paris, previously to his retiring from France, and Mr. Innes, who had resolved not to abandon his post, consulted with him about the means of preserving the manuscripts. Mr. Stapleton thought, if he had them at St. Omer, he could, with small risk, convey them to England. It was therefore resolved, that they should be carefully packed up, addressed to a Frenchman, a confidential friend of Mr. Stapleton, and remitted by some publick carriage. Some other things were put up with the Manuscripts. The whole arrived without any accident, and was laid in a cellar. But the patriotism of the Frenchman becoming suspicious, perhaps upon account of his connection with the English college, he was put in prison; and his wife, apprehensive of the consequences of being found to have English manuscripts, richly bound and ornamented with Royal arms, in her house, cut off the boards, and destroyed them. The Manuscripts thus disfigured, and more easily huddled up in any sort of bundle, were secretly carried, with papers belonging to the Frenchman himself, to his country-house; and buried in the garden. They were not, however, permitted to remain long there; the lady's fears increased, and the Manuscripts were taken up and reduced to ashes.

"'This is the substance of the account given to Mr. Innes, and reported by him to me in June. 1802, in Paris. I desired it might be authenticated by a *proces verbale*. A letter was therefore written to St. Omer, either by Mr. Innes, or by Mr. Cleghorn, a lay gentleman, who had resided in the English college of St. Omer, and was personally acquainted with the Frenchman, and happened to be at Paris at this time. The answer given to this letter was, that the good man, under the pressure of old age and other infirmities, was alarmed by the proposal of a discussion and investigation, which revived in his memory past sufferings, and might perhaps lead to a renewal of them. Any further correspondence upon the subject seemed useless, especially as I instructed Mr. Innes to go to St. Omer, and clear up every doubt, in a formal and legal manner, that some authentic document might be handed down to posterity concerning those valuable manuscripts. I did not foresee that war was to be kindled up anew, or that my friend Mr. Innes was to die so soon.

"'Mr. Cleghorn, whom I mentioned above, is at present in the Catholic seminary of Old Hall Green, Puckeridge, Hertfordshire. He can probably name another gentleman who saw the manuscripts at St. Omer, and saved some small things, (but unconnected with the manuscripts) which he carried away in his pocket, and has still in his possession.

"'I need not trouble your lordship with my reflections upon this relation: but I ought not to omit that I was told, sometimes, that all the manuscripts, as well as their boards, were consumed by fire in the cellar in which they had been deposited upon their arrival at St. Omer.'

"The gentleman alluded to in the latter part of the above letter, is Mr. Mostyn, from whom Mr. Butler of Lincoln's-Inn very kindly procured a statement of the particulars relating to this subject, in the year 1804, and transmitted it to Mr. Fox. It contains in substance, though with some additional circumstances, and slight variations, the same account as Mr. Came-

ron's, up to the period of the writer's leaving St. Omer, which was previous to the imprisonment of the Frenchman.*

"Mr. Fox, in a letter to Mr. Laing, remarks, that, 'to know that a paper is lost, is next best to getting a sight of it, and in some instances nearly as good.' So many rumours have been circulated, and so many misapprehensions prevailed, respecting the contents and the fate of the manuscripts formerly deposited in the Scotch college at Paris, that it is hoped the above account, the result of the Historian's researches, will not be deemed out of its place in a Preface to a History of the times to which those manuscripts related."

These, however, were not the only objects of Mr. Fox's enquiries when at Paris in 1802. He had remarked that Sir John Dalrymple frequently "quotes, or rather refers to," documents in the *Depôt des Affaires Etrangeres*, without printing the letter or extracting the passage from which his statements are taken, and his inferences drawn. This made him particularly desirous of examining the original letters of Barillon; and during the short space he was there, every facility was afforded him by the French government of satisfying his wishes: of the value of his discoveries he spoke in high terms; and, in a letter to Lord Holland, says, "that Barillon's letters were worth their weight in gold." Of these letters, a great proportion are published in an Appendix to the present volume.

[*To be continued.*]

* "Mr. Mostyn's letter to Mr. Butler was published in one of the Magazines, it would therefore be superfluous to reprint it. The name of the Frenchman was Mr. Charpentier, and his country-house was at St. Momelin, near St. Omer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

AN ODE.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

"Of all the grief that harrass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart." *Dr. Johnson.*

YOU may labour and toil, wipe the sweat from your brow,
See your children half starv'd and in rags;
You may dig in the mines, waste your strength at the plough, [bags.
To enrich and fill insolent money'd men's
You may practise each virtue, each feeling pursue,
Truth prompts, conscience dictates, and honour approves;
You may have in your heart all that's noble and true,
All that elegant taste and fine sentiment loves:
While WORLDLINGS will tell you, with scornful regard,
That VIRTUE—*is ever its own sweet reward.*

While poverty presses you down to the earth,
As each dictate of reason, and right, you obey;
Lo! the children of vanity, vice, and of mirth, [gay.
Pass by you regardless, all flaunting and
Each duty of life, whilst you are pursuing,
Both day and night anxiously spending in toil;
While nothing awaits you but famine and ruin;
The rich, and the worthless, the pension'd, and vile, [hard,
Unheeding your sufferings, though ever so
Will assure you, that—VIRTUE'S *its own sweet reward.*

See where yon proud equipage waits at the gate,
Where each riot, and luxury, croud the domain;
There a bully, and wanton, in splendour and state, [plain.
Lord it haughtily over the neighbouring
To support their extravagance, plunder'd behold
Those whose suff'rings unceasing, their riches supply;
From whose labour and toil is wrung out the gold,
These unprincipled minions and miscreants enjoy.
Such, with sneers, will the children of VIRTUE discard,
Which hath ever, they'll say, *its own sweet reward.*

On the public what paupers, on every side,
Blast the means of the wise, the industrious, and good;
Who, trod on by creatures of wealth, and of pride,
Pine for health, and for liberty, raiment, and food.
Great, great GOD OF NATURE! amidst all this maze,
Say, who can the mode of thy government scan?
Who trace out thy seemingly-retrograde ways,
And justify evils, like these, unto man?
Who shall say, why the lot of the worthy is hard,
And why, VIRTUE *gets only its own poor reward?*

While the bard thus indignantly utters his plaint,
Though wounded his feelings, his heart remains true;
And though prompted this general picture to paint,
To glorious exceptions, his tribute is due.
He knows there are some, and he hopes there are more,
Who, blest with abundance, abundance bestow;
Whose greatest delight is to take from their store,
To lessen the burthens of want, and of woe.
Who, the children of need, and oppression regard;
Nor leave them to get—*only* VIRTUE'S *reward!*

THE WISH.

O! LAY me where my Favorite sleeps,
Secure beneath the moist'ning sod;
Where pensive Contemplation weeps,
And sorrowing Love his vigil keeps,
A melancholy God.

And o'er the grave let Mem'ry place
Some simple stone to tell
The charms of Marianna's face,
Ere Death extinguish'd every grace,
And how, alas! she fell!

And when Sol's beamings fade away—
When Twilight courts the west,
Then Pity! chaunt thy requiem-lay,
While Cynthia climbs her aerial way,
Adorn'd with spangled vest.

But ere the vital spark be fled
From its unholy sphere;
O! Faith attend me in my bed,
And o'er my soul thy blessings shed,
Soft whisp'ring in mine ear—
That Blackshaw's spirit roams on high,
Thro' realms of sacred peace;
That mine on heavenly wings shall fly
To scenes of immortality,
Where all contentions cease!

Then will I turn to those around,
And bid a last farewel:
Stretch these poor limbs with joy profound,
And at the trump's seraphic sound,
Elude the grasp of Hell!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808. J. G.

QUATORZAIN.—TO MELANCHOLY.

ONCE more, dear Guest! to thee I fondly turn,
To shun the troubles of this tedious day;
For thou can'st lead me to that sacred urn,
Where Blackshaw's relics silently decay!
To that lone spot where spread the willows wide,
Beside the streamlet—a religious shade;
Where late I saw, at midnight's solemn tide,
The wand'ring spirit of my lovely maid.
Let us together roam yon woodlands still,
When Cynthia rises, pensively and slow;
For there the murmuring, solitary rill
Responds the cadence of my ceaseless woe!
Aye! we will seek for their profoundest gloom,
'Till Marianna issues from the tomb!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808. J. G.

SONNETS

By Mr. FLETCHER.

[*See Universal Mag. Vol.* IX. p.226.]

VI.—INSCRIPTION.

STRANGER! before thy feet unlicensed move,
These cool recesses idly to explore;
Say, hast thou learnt the melting verse to pour,
True to the lyre, to beauty, and to love?
If not, thou hast profaned this hallowed grove,
And soon around the sullen winds shall roar:
But if thy soul some beauteous maid adore,
In softest sighs shall breathing gales approve.
For here a spirit strays that once was known
The noblest youth, but, ah! the most distrest!
Inspired by Heaven, he lived for love alone,
And all who love not break his sacred rest.
Then, Stranger, pause;—and from these shades return,
Unless, like his, thy soul with passion burn.

VII.—Inscription.

IN this rude cave, deserted now and drear,
A holy hermit passed his life away:
From Earth to Heaven he travelled day by day,
For all his worldly hopes were buried near.
Where yon grey turrets 'mid the trees appear,
Snatched from her lover's arms, his Laura lay;
And, from her death, he sought this spot, they say,
Where Love might shed, unseen, the tender tear.
And oft at eventide, when all is still,
'Tis said his spirit to these haunts returns,
Visits each well-known mountain, dale, and rill,
And still, as erst, with hopeless passion burns:—
Then, at the grave where all his treasure lies,
Descending slow, is lost to mortal eyes.

VIII.—Inscription.

O! YOU that wander in this secret shade,
By contemplation, or by sorrow, led;
Behold where slumbers in an earthly bed,
Snatched in her blooming prime, a heaven-born maid.
Scarce to reveal her blushing charms she staid,
When envious Death his dart unerring sped,
And grimly smiled as Love and Beauty bled,
Pierced by one shaft, and by each other laid.
Ah! what remained when Beauty died, and Love,
To charm existence, plundered thus of joy?
The lyre could only fill the echoing grove
With useless plaints, but could not grief destroy!
Yet often from a lyre unseen arise,
As you may hear anon, soft melodies.

IX.

LYRE, I have done;—thy tuneful strings no more
Can tell my passion, or impart my grief:
In vain I seek, as erst, a short relief
From thy sad sounds, that only now deplore
A loss which dreams and dreams alone restore.
O wretched life! be now its volume brief,
For Death has marred its most impassioned leaf,
From which I learned to love and to adore!
On Laura's tomb I place thee, friend beloved,
That when the night-breeze coldly sighs around,
Thy faithful wires, in soft vibration moved,
May Death reproach with ineffectual sound:
While, like a blasted tree extended near,
I feel thy power, and drop the attesting tear.

SONNET.

The Female Convict's Complaint.

ADIEU! for ever thou delightful Isle!
Where I have squander'd youth's romantic years,
Unknown to secret misery and tears,
And sought the blandishments of Fortune's smile.
O! how shall I the threat'ning storm beguile
That scowls upon me?—How elude the fears
That shake the boldest of my bold compeers?
Or stretch these nerveless arms to Slavery's toil?
My dearest friends now vainly plead for me,
To power in vain are all my prayers prefer'd!
Loud roar the surges of the blustering sea,
And in the gale what dying moans are heard!
Extend thine arm, propitious Heaven!—and wrest,
The vital spark from this tumultuous breast!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808. J. G.

SONNET.

FROM Mirth's mad crew disgusted I retire,
T' enjoy the fragrance of the evening breeze,
Within those woods, whose solemn shades inspire,
Such meditations as the fancy please.
There will I roam beneath the whisp'ring trees;
There strike the chords of my neglected lyre;
And as Imagination's shapes I seize,
Awake the numbers with Promethean fire!
For O! how far superior are the joys,
As lonely wand'ring through the woods, I feel
To Folly's pleasure!—pleasure that destroys
The scenes that meditation might reveal!
How far below the contemplative man
Are they who join the Bacchanalian clan!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808. J. G.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

THE intermission of our labours in this department of our work has elapsed, and we hasten to reassume our critical functions, guided by the same even impartiality, and the same steady adherence to truth as before.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Theatre opened on Monday, September 12th, with the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and the farce of *Raising the Wind*; and the attractions of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons produced an audience as numerous as in the very height of the season.

If our memory do not deceive us the *Macbeth* of the former was performed this evening with some improvements of conception, particularly in the early part of the play, and which shew the unceasing attention that Mr. Kemble thinks necessary to a due performance of Shakspeare. His delivery of the soliloquy, "Is this a dagger, &c." was excellent, especially the half-assured pleasure with which he uttered

"'Tis no such thing,"

when the illusion no longer cheated his sight; and his acting in the subsequent scene, after the murder of the "gracious Duncan," was solemn and impressive. Nor must we forget the last scene, before he engages with *Macduff*. The glow of exultation, the look of mingled mockery, contempt, and confidence with which he exclaimed

"Let fall your force on vulnerable crests:
I bear a charmed life which must not yield
To one of woman born."

were such strokes of nature as would be difficult to find in any other actor.

Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, that monster of Shakspeare's own creation, was grand and forceful. In her instigations to her irresolute husband, her manner was combined with such a piercing contempt, such a disdainful reproaching, that the mind felt no surprise at the yielding of *Macbeth*. In the banquet scene she displayed her powers to great advantage, and with that scene ends all the importance of the character.

Of the other performers, nothing seems necessary to be remarked. In the afterpiece Lewis, Emery, and Simmons, excited sufficient merriment.

Friday, Sept. 16. *Isabella—The Escapes; or, the Water-Carrier.* Here Mrs. Siddons appeared in a character which calls forth powers diametrically opposite to those required by *Lady Macbeth*. In the latter, dignity, firmness, a masculine contempt of danger, a ferocious disregard of crimes, a sanguinary ambition, are to be pourtrayed. In the former, meekness, sorrow, the fidelity of wedded love, the wailings of maternal sorrow, and the horror, despair, and madness of involuntary guilt, must be exhibited; and who that has seen Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella* will deny that all these passions are summoned forth by her magic controul, in the most impressive manner? We do not think it necessary to descant minutely on a character, the performance of which has for thirty years called forth the tears and admiration of thousands: suffice it to add, that time has robbed it of none of its graces, of none of its attractions.

We have always been of opinion, that the part of *Biron* is too unimportant for the powers of Kemble: yet, when we saw him in the dying scene, we scarcely wished it in the hands of any other. Mr. C. Kemble performed *Carlos* with much discrimination and effect, and Mr. Brunton was less frigid and monotonous in *Villeroy* than usual.

Monday, Sept. 19. *Pizarro—Portrait of Cervantes; or, The Plotting Lovers.* The *Rolla* of Kemble and the *Elvira* of Mrs. Siddons are scarcely susceptible of critical observation at this day: and the only novelty of this evening was the *Cora* of Mrs. H. Johnstone. This character, generally speaking, she performed with spirit and propriety: but there was too much bustle in her manner, too much action, too much skipping backwards and forwards, and too many constrained attitudes. It was her first appearance in the character, and should she perform it again, we hope to see her amend these things. We were certainly pleased with many parts of her performance, and we thought her conception of it accurate; but we occasionally noticed an affected and

pompous utterance of insignificant words and phrases, which to be sure did surprise a part of the audience into applause; but it was far removed from chaste and good acting. Her voice is weak and shrill, and should be managed with more skill than she at present does. He who lives in a glass house, must not be the first to throw stones: a performer with a weak voice must not indulge in ranting. When *Cora* is seeking for her child, in the fifth act, Mrs. H. Johnston excited only laughter, by her piercing, shrewish calling of *Fernando! Fernando!*

We were much *delighted* with Mr. Cresswell's performance of *Las Casas*. It was *every thing* which that *gentleman's talents* were capable of making it. It cannot, to be sure, be expected that a Spanish priest should be expert in the pronunciation of English, and therefore it was excusable to hear the good *Las Casas* call himself the *sarvant* of heaven, with some other novelties of orthoepy equally curious.

The afterpiece, which was produced for Mr. Munden's benefit at the close of the last season, went off with the usual accompaniment of laughter and applause, excited by the acting of Liston and Munden. It would be unnecessary to say any thing of the plot, for the town has had it (*mutato nomine*) at the Hay-market Theatre all the summer.

And thus abruptly must our account terminate. A few hours after we had quitted this theatre, delighted with the past, and anticipating future pleasure, it became a heap of smoking ruins! Not a vestige of its interior remained: not a spot, upon which the eye could fix, or which the mind could connect with local circumstance!—The raging flames, in their destructive fury, levelled this spacious and elegant structure to the ground in a space of time scarcely credible.

With the particulars of the melancholy catastrophe our readers are all well acquainted from the daily papers; or, if not, we refer them to the latter part of our Magazine, where they will find them minutely related. It has not yet, we believe, been ascertained by what fatal accident the event took place; only it seems very clear, that the flames had been long smothering within the building, from the rapidity with which, when they had once got vent, they communicated to every part: and it seems equally certain, that had the watchman of the theatre, who was employed to guard against this special accident, been attentive and vigilant in his duty, its ravages might have been materially diminished. It is now, however, useless to lament the cause; but we do most sincerely sympathise with the managers, whose loss will be heavy, and with those numerous individuals, in menial capacities about the theatre, who will probably be thus suddenly deprived of subsistence. We are happy, indeed, to find that a subscription has been commenced for administering relief to the sufferers, and we hope it will meet with ample support: and that a British public will not be wanting in other respects, towards ameliorating the loss sustained by *every* one, connected with this dreadful calamity. It would indeed be an act worthy the wealth and character of the British capital, to restore, at the public cost, this national privation, and not to let private individuals bear the whole weight of the misfortune.—*Utinam id sit!*

We have only to add, that the company have obtained the use of the *King's Theatre*, in the *Hay-Market*; and that they re-commence their theatrical career on Monday, the 26th of September, with the tragedy of *Douglas*, and the afterpiece of *Rosina*.

DRURY-LANE.

This Theatre opened on Saturday, the 17th, with the play of the *Honey Moon*, and the afterpiece of *Rosina*: and, on Tuesday the 20th, Mr. Elliston enacted *Hamlet!* We hope it was not his free choice that led him to this, but his gallantry, which would not suffer him to deprive a *Lady* from making her first appearance in *Ophelia*.—Who this lady is we have not heard; but we do not think she is likely to be any accession to the stage. She sang better than she acted; and, according to Dr. Johnson's scale of theatrical merit, she is therefore entitled to considerable praise, for she could at least do two things—talk and sing. Now Garrick could only do one: it was thus the Doctor argued once with James Boswell.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. EDWARD MOOR'S, *of Birmingham, for a new Method of making Carbonate of Lead, commonly called White Lead.*

LEAD is taken by way of preference in thin plates, or small pieces. It is then placed in a vessel that has a small communication with the atmosphere; to this, says the Patentee, I add so much acetous acid, or vinegar, or a solution of acetite of lead, or of both, that the lead may not be wholly, but partly immersed in the liquor. I then transfer into the vessel a mixture of carbonic acid gas, or of carbonic acid and atmospheric air, or a mixture of all three. This mixture is to be often shook, in order to make the liquor pass over, and act upon the lead, so that the carbonate, when formed, may be removed from the surface of the metal, and a fresh surface exposed. Litharge, or an oxide of lead, may be taken instead of lead, in a metallic state, containing the proportion of oxigen suited to unite with acetous acid. To this, either acetous acid, or a solution of acetite of lead may be added, or both, taking care that the quantity of oxide of lead be sufficient at least to saturate the acid. Carbonic acid gas is then transmitted into, or upon the mixture, either in a state of purity, or mixed with atmospheric air, with oxigen gas, or any other that will not prejudice the process. Here it is still necessary to agitate the mixture to facilitate the union of the ingredients. Whatever may be the process, a white substance is produced, viz. the carbonate of lead, commonly called white lead or ceruse; but the degree of whiteness will depend upon the quality of the materials employed; upon the operation being well or imperfectly performed, and its being more or less free from mixture with other substances. When the carbonate is formed according to this process, it is to be separated from the mixture, and dried, if intended to be mixed with oil; and sometimes it is necessary to wash the carbonate with water, previously to its being dried.

Mr. HAWKE'S, *of Newport, in Salop, for Improvements in Musical-keyed Instruments of Twelve-fixed Tones.*

THESE improvements are described as follows: viz. those in the organ are effected by a pedal under the key-board, and an extra slide to every stop in the sound board to correspond with the general slide. The above extra slide has a communication from the sound board to the extra pipes, namely, sharps and flats, which by depressing the pedal with the foot, brings on the sharp scale, and by elevating the pedal, brings on the flat scale; and as the flats go off, the sharps are brought on, and, inversely as the sharps go off, the flats are brought on by the action of the pedal upon the additional slide with double holes adapted to the additional pipes; namely, five pipes to each octave. The improvement in the piano forte is effected by adding seven diatonic and five flat tones to our present scale of twelve-fixed tones, which form two chromatic scales: the one termed a flat scale, the other a sharp, and is done by two sets of strings, of two unisons to each set, which are acted upon without the addition of a key, to the key-board, by a pedal, which causes the key-board to move backward and forward about one-fourth of an inch, the same hammers striking each set of strings both in the flat and sharp scale, and by depressing the pedal with the foot when the sharp scale is wanted, and elevating it on the contrary.

Mr. PHELP'S, *of Cuper's Bridge, Lambeth, for certain Improvements in manufacturing Soap.*

INSTEAD of constructing a vessel of the usual materials, form, and dimensions, for boiling and making soap, commonly called a soap-copper, with a fire-place beneath it, a vessel is constructed of any proper materials of much larger dimensions. Instead of raising the temperature of the goods, namely, the lees, and the fat, or oily component part of the soap, to

the boiling heat by the application of fire alone, the usual means of obtaining the steam are adopted; this is introduced at such a temperature as may be required, at or above the common boiling water point, by subjecting the same if needful, to pressure or reaction, which is afforded by suffering the said steam to pass into the said goods, at the depth of about four feet below the surface. This is sufficient to cause the same to boil very speedily, and produce a perfect combination of the component parts throughout, in much less time, and a less expenditure of lees, than in the ordinary process of soap-making. By way of preference, the steam may escape into the goods at a distance, not exceeding one foot from the bottom of the vessel or boiler. Any rising of the goods from the vessel into the steam-boiler is to be prevented by interposing a cock or cocks, valve or valves, &c. into the pipes, passages, or conveyances between the steam-boiler and the other boiler in which the soap is to be made. To this improvement it is not requisite that the pipes, passages, or conveyances should be made of any precise dimension or magnitude in proportion. Practising upon a scale of considerable magnitude, it has been found that one pipe, having its aperture one inch in diameter, answers the intended purpose most effectually. And, as by the introduction of steam, as the strength of the lees is in some measure altered by the condensation of the steam, an allowance must be made by using an additional quantity of lees of such strength as may be necessary or proper. As to the steam-boilers, and the furnaces to be used with them, the best means of constructing and working them are to be adopted, according to the methods used for steam-engines and other works, wherein a supply of steam is or may be required.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.

Account of the Magnetic Mountain of Cannay. By George Dempster, Esq. of Dunnichen.

CANNAY is an Island of ten or twelve miles in circumference, with an excellent harbour. There is a hill in it of some height, called Compass Hill, in which there is a little hole dug about a foot or two in depth. A compass placed in this hole is immediately disturbed, and in a short time veers about to the eastward, till at last the north point settles itself in a due southerly direction, and remains there. At a very little distance from this hole, perhaps on the very edge of it, the needle recovers its usual position. This singular circumstance was known when Martin wrote his account of the Island, and is noticed by him. He says then the compass settled at due east, which is also curious. What increases the singularity of this alteration in the needle is a discovery lately made by Hector M'Neil, Esq. tacksman of that Island. He mentioned the circumstance to us, and Lord Breadalbane, Sir Adam Ferguson, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Browne, &c. went to examine the fact. The harbour on the north side is formed by a bold rock of basalt, which may be about half-a-mile below, and to the southward of the Compass Hill, of which this rock is a continuation. We rowed under the rock, and when the boat reached its centre, and almost close under it, the north point of our compass veered about, settled at due south, and remained there: this experiment was frequently repeated with the same success; but this effect was also confined to a very small part of the rock, which seemed to us directly south, from the hole on Compass Hill. At a little distance on either side, the needle recovered its usual position. His Lordship then directed the boat to row with great quickness pass the rock, when, upon our crossing the place which had before affected the needle, it was again affected during the passage, though very quick, and recovered soon after passing this point. We could hardly venture to assign any cause for these appearances, but by supposing something magnetical in the rock extending the whole distance,

from the Compass Hill to the headland at the mouth of the harbour: if this should prove to be the case, we have no scruple in pronouncing it to be the largest loadstone as yet discovered in the world. A part of the rock was broken off at the very spot where this affection of the needle was observed, and was applied to the compass when removed from the rock, but it seemed to produce no effect upon the needle whatever. The compass was also carried about the length of the boat from the rock, and was likewise placed in the same line on the opposite side of the harbour, at about a quarter-of-a-mile's distance; but neither of these experiments produced any effects on the needle. In the island there are many columnar appearances, not unlike to Staffa, and several both straight and bent, and every way as regular, which seems also to have, like Staffa, escaped observation till very lately.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

WE announce the very advanced state of a most useful and elegant Anatomical Work, in folio, to be published in October 1808, entitled Anatomico-Chirurgical Views of the Nose, Mouth, Larynx, and Fauces, with appropriate explanations and references to the parts, by Mr. J. J. Watt, Surgeon; designed by the author to illustrate the anatomy of these organs as they appear in different sections of the head, and performed with the strictest attention to anatomical accuracy.—The engravings will be four in number, containing six views of the parts of their natural size, and accompanied with the same number of outline figures of reference; with an additional anatomical description of these organs, by Mr. W. Lawrence, Demonstrator of Anatomy, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. ——The greater part of the principal professional gentlemen resident in London, have already become subscribers to this work.

Mr. Holloway, author of the Peasant's Fate, Scenes of Youth, &c. &c. has in the press, and will speedily publish, a volume of Poetical Pieces, chiefly familiar and descriptive, called the *Minor Minstrel*, with a beautiful frontispiece.

A Biographical Index to the House of Lords, compiled by the Editor of the Biographical Index to the House of Commons, is in the press. In addition to the descent of the Peers of England, in a form entirely new, it will contain an account of the present and late ones; their habits, pursuits, and parliamentary conduct. The Scotch and Irish peers, with the Bench of Bishops, are introduced in alphabetical order; an arrangement never before attempted.

Mr. Williams, the Barrister, is preparing for the press, a new periodical work for the use of Justices of the Peace, and Parish Officers, to be continued annually, entitled "The Magistrates Annual Assistant," containing the Acts of Parliament and adjudged Cases, so far as they concern Magistrates, and relate to the Powers of Parish Officers.

Dr. J. F. Davis, of Bath, has in the press, "An Inquiry into the Symptoms of Carditis, or the Inflammation of the Heart," illustrated by Cases and Dissections. The Doctor's intention is to shew how far the faculty have mistaken the symptoms of this disease, and that it is of more frequent occurrence than has been supposed.

Mr. Stace intends to publish some *Original Anecdotes of Cromwell*, in which many curious and important incidents will be found.

Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq. is preparing a new edition of Collins's Peerage. Few books more urgently demand revision and enlargement.

An account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Joseph Strutt, is in the press, with a correct likeness engraved by Mr. John Ogborne, from an original picture in crayons by Ozias Humphrey, Esq.

The Remains of Hesiod the Ascrean; translated from the Greek into English Verse, with a dissertation on

the poetry and mythology, the life and era of Hesiod, and copious notes; embellished with a head of Hesiod, by Charles Abraham Elton, Esq. is in the press.

The History of India, during the administration of Marquis Wellesley, from 1797 to 1806, will appear in the ensuing spring, by Lawrence Dundas Campbell, Esq. comprising an explanation of his lordship's system of policy, both foreign and domestic, and a complete account of the actual state of the British provinces, in all their relations, under the operations of that system, &c. &c.: the whole composed from official records and other original documents, embellished with a map of India and a portrait of Marquis Wellesley, in two thick volumes quarto.

Mr. B. Boothroyd intends to publish a new edition of Bishop Newcome's justly admired version of the Minor Prophets, with additional notes from Blayney and Horseley, on the Prophet Hosea.

Dr. Forbes, of Edinburgh, is engaged on a Translation of Pliny's Natural History, to be accompanied with Notes, a Life of the Author, and a Preliminary Dissertation on the Origin of Natural History, its rise and progress to maturity. It will also be the object of the translator to accommodate Pliny's descriptions of plants, &c. to the nomenclature of the *Systema Naturæ Linnæi.*

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The Bath Exhibition of Paintings has proved so successful, that not only the whole expences of the gallery were defrayed by the public admission, but a considerable dividend was left for distribution at the close of it. Last winter the President of the Royal Academy sent this infant institution two pictures painted in his best manner.

The fourth exhibition of the Norwich Artists, lately opened, when the number of pictures and drawings greatly exceeded those of the former year. More attempts at originality in every department of the art were exhibited than at any prior exhibition; and both exertion and improvement were evident.

The Elgin Collection of Statues, &c. is nearly completed; that of Theseus, among the rest, is highly spoken of: it represents the hero, seated on a lion or tiger's skin; the large majestic form of the limbs indicates his elevated character; the neck rises from the trunk like a beautiful column; the chest, back, and thighs, all have the same large and massy shape; but so entire a correspondence of beautiful limbs is seldom found in real life. Some of the most famous pugilists have been invited by Lord Elgin to his gallery, for the purpose of comparing them with the forms of the Theseus. The body of Gregson is said to yield nothing to the Greek hero in strength or symmetry; but his legs are not of equal beauty. A fragment of the head of a horse, said to have belonged to the car of Minerva, is among the rarest examples of art in this collection.

Mr. R. Buchanan, of Glasgow, states, that Mr. R. Gillespie finds the effect of steam very excellent in copper-plate-calico printing, and for heating calenders at his works. For this, and to warm his warehouse and counting house, steam is conveyed ninety-three yards. Mr. Loundes, of Paisley, has for some time used the heat of steam for drying fine muslins; it is also used at the bleaching works at Aberdeen. At Glasgow, the pullicates never retained their colours in such perfection as since they have been bleached with steam. Mr. Buchanan recommends steam to be used for warming the bed rooms of large hotels, warehouses, shops, churches, and other large public buildings.

A new tinder box, or mode of obtaining fire by the mere compression of atmospheric air, has lately been produced in this country. It consists of a common syringe, about ten inches long, and not above five eighths in the bore. At the lower end, a cap serves as a chamber to receive the substance which is to be fired: this is attached to the instrument by a screw; or a common stop-cock may be used in its room; either of which being turned, a small piece of common tinder is placed in the chamber; and the cap then being screwed on again, if the piston of the instrument be depressed with as quick a

motion as possible, the condensation of the air is so active as to set the tinder on fire.

Mr. James Phœnix, of Liverpool, to ascertain the difference between electrical shocks from a Leyden phial filled in the common way, and those filled as follows, remarks that he stood on an insulated stool; he then laid one finger on the prime conductor, and filled the jar from the other, when on receiving the shocks, he found them so considerably augmented, that two taken in this manner incommoded him more than a dozen in the common method.

It is ar extraordinary fact, and redounds highly to the credit of Mr. Lancaster's system of Education, that the whole disbursements of his School, from Midsummer 1806 to Midsummer 1807, were only 156l. 10s. with which sum he educated 900 boys and 250 girls; being an expence of rather less than 3s. each.

Enclosures.—Mr. Arthur Young, in a letter lately published by him, informs us, that during the first forty years of his present Majesty's reign, above 1800 Enclosure Acts passed; operating upon between two and three millions of acres; which acts have given much additional security to the rights and tenures by which such lands were held. He says, that the importation of corn in the last seven years, amounting to 9,198,924 quarters, is an enormous evil, and imperiously calls for a general enclosure of waste lands. He produces some cases to shew that enclosing has already considerably encreased the culture of corn. He recommends, that the law that gives the power of enclosure, should require every man, in proportion to the quantity of wastes broke up, to cultivate annually a certain quantity of potatoes; a measure which would do away every apprehension of an encreasing culture, without a diminished importation. It is only by this root, he says, that effective steps can be taken against scarcity; and potatoes are the best first crop for a waste. He has seen 400 bushels per acre of potatoes gained, in October, from sands which, in February, were covered with heath, whins, and fern. As to the insufficient cultivation of old lands long since enclosed, he says, that cannot be connected with the expediency of new undertakings, because the proprietors will not turn out the old tenants, in order to make room for men of more skill and larger capitals. If certain old farms are badly cultivated, that is no reason why farmers having skill and capital but wanting business, should not be employed on waste. He thinks a better cultivation of old enclosed lands is greatly to be desired, but that must depend on the general policy of the kingdom; on a commutation of tythe; on leases being universally given to tenants manifesting a disposition or a power to improve; and raising the price of corn.

Preservation of Wood.—Dr. Parry, of Bath, after much scientific investigation, and many experiments, found out the following cheap composition as an excellent preventative against the dry rot and decay in wood: —"Melt twelve ounces of rosin in an iron pot; add three gallons of train oil, and three or four rolls of brimstone; with a little bees wax; and when the whole are melted and become thin, add as much colour (of whatever sort you chuse) previously ground with some of the oil as will give the whole a shade of the same.—Then lay it on with a brush as hot as possible; some days after give the wood a second coat. It will preserve plank for ages; and keep the weather also from driving through brick work."

Promotion of Agriculture.—For the purpose of rendering a general knowledge of husbandry more easily accessible, the Board of Agriculture intend that a general Code of Agriculture shall be published. "Such a work, however," says the President, "cannot be drawn up, until a foundation be laid, by a careful examination of the agricultural practices of every district in the kingdom. As soon as that work is accomplished, the Code will be carried on with energy; a specimen of which has been printed and circulated on the subject of inclosures. It is proposed, when the work is undertaken, to give distinct heads or chapters, to those individuals, who are the most conversant in each department of husbandry."—On the importance of agricultural pur-

suits, he observed as follows:—"No country can have stronger inducements to attend to its agricultural interests, than Great Britain, at the present moment. Secluded from so large a proportion of the globe, and its commerce cramped in every direction, it must in a great measure rely on its own internal resources for its security and strength. Fortunately, in these resources it has a mine of wealth, which cannot be exhausted. We have only to pay the necessary attention to the improvement of our own soil, and we may despise the efforts of our enemies, however numerous or powerful. We are told, indeed, "that from the state of our foreign relations, and the consequent probability that our usual supply of grain from foreign countries may fail us, that measures of precaution are necessary, which may eventually ward off so great an evil, as a scarcity of provisions." But the best precaution is, to extend our agriculture, to increase the productions of our soil, to ameliorate the mode of its cultivation, and to remove every obstacle hostile to its improvement.—By these means, judiciously applied, instead of importing from foreign countries, we might soon again become an exporting country; and the commerce of grain, instead of being the means of impoverishment, would become a source of wealth."

NEW VOLCANO.

A Letter from John B. Dabney, Esq. Consul of the United States of America, to a Friend at St. Michael's.

"Fayal, (Azores,) June 25, 1808.

"DEAR SIR—A phenomenon has occurred here not unusual in former ages, but of which there has been no example of late years; it was well calculated to inspire terror, and has been attended with the destruction of lives and property. On Sunday, the 1st of May, at one *p. m.* walking in the balcony of my house at St. Anthonio, I heard noises like the report of heavy cannon at a distance, and concluded there was some sea engagement in the vicinity of the island. But soon after, casting my eyes towards the island of St. George's, ten leagues distant, I perceived a dense column of smoke rising to an immense height; it was soon judged that a volcano had burst out about the centre of that island, and this was rendered certain when night came on, the fire exhibiting an awful appearance. Being desirous of viewing this wonderful exertion of nature, I embarked on the 3d of May, accompanied by the British Consul, and ten other gentlemen, for St. George's; we ran over in five hours, and arrived at Vellas, the principal town, at eleven *a. m.* We found the poor inhabitants perfectly panic struck, and wholly given up to religious ceremonies and devotion. We learned that the fire of the 1st of May had broken out in a ditch, in the midst of fertile pastures, three leagues S.E. of Vellas, and had immediately formed a crater, in size about twenty-four acres. In two days it had thrown out cinders or small pumice stones, that a strong N.E. wind had propelled southerly; and which, independent of the mass accumulated round the crater, had covered the earth from one foot to four feet in depth, half a league in width, and three leagues in length; then passing the channel five leagues, had done some injury to the east point of Pico. The fire of this large crater had nearly subsided, but in the evening preceding our arrival, another small crater had opened, one league north of the large one, and only two leagues from Vellas. After taking some refreshment, we visited the second crater; the sulphureous smoke of which, driven southerly, rendered it impracticable to attempt approaching the large one. When we came within a mile of the crater, we found the earth rent in every direction; and, as we approached nearer, some of the chasms were six feet wide; by leaping over some of these chasms, and making windings to avoid the larger ones, we at length arrived within two hundred yards of the spot; and saw it, in the middle of a pasture, distinctly, at intervals, when the thick smoke which swept the earth lighted up a little. The mouth of it was only about fifty yards in circumference; the fire seemed struggling for vent; the force with which a pale blue flame issued forth, resembled a powerful steam engine, multiplied a hundred fold; the noise was deafening; the earth where we stood had a tremulous motion, the

whole island seemed convulsed, horrid bellowings were occasionally heard from the bowels of the earth, and earthquakes were frequent. After remaining here about ten minutes we returned to town; the inhabitants had mostly quitted their houses, and remained in the open air, or under tents. We passed the night at Vellas, and the next morning went by water to Ursulina, a small sea-port town, two leagues south of Vellas, and viewed that part of the country covered with the cinders before-mentioned, and which has turned the most valuable vineyards in the island into a frightful desert. On the same day, (the 4th of May,) we returned to Fayal, and on the 5th and succeeding days, from twelve to fifteen small volcanos broke out in the fields we had traversed on the 3d, from the chasms before described, and threw out a quantity of lava, which travelled on slowly towards Vellas. The fire of those small craters subsided, and the lava ceased running about the 11th of May; on which day the large volcano, that had lain dormant for nine days, burst forth again like a roaring lion, with horrid belchings, distinctly heard at twelve leagues distance, throwing up prodigious large stones, and an immense quantity of lava, illuminating at night the whole island. This continued with tremendous force, until the 5th of June, exhibiting the awful yet magnificent spectacle of a perfect river of fire, (distinctly seen from Fayal,) running into the sea. On that day, (the 5th,) we experienced that its force began to fail, and, in a few days after, it ceased entirely. The distance of the crater from the sea is about four miles, and its elevation about 3,500 feet.

The lava inundated and swept away the town of Ursulina, and country-houses and cottages adjacent, as well as the farm-houses, throughout its course. It, as usual, gave timely notice of its approach, and most of the inhabitants fled; some few, however, remained in the vicinity of it too long, endeavouring to save their furniture and effects, and were scalded by flashes of steam, which, without injuring their clothes, took off not only their skin but their flesh. About sixty persons were thus miserably scalded, some of whom died on the spot, or in a few days after. Numbers of cattle shared the same fate. The Judge and principal inhabitants left the island very early. The consternation and anxiety were for some days so great among the people, that even their domestic concerns were abandoned, and, amidst plenty, they were in danger of starving. Supplies of ready-baked bread were sent from hence to their relief, and large boats were sent to bring away the inhabitants, who had lost their dwellings. In short, the island, heretofore rich in cattle, corn, and wine, is nearly ruined, and a scene of greater desolation and distress has seldom been witnessed in any country."

America.

Colonel George Gibbs, of Rhode Island, is the proprietor of the most valuable and extensive assortment of minerals probably existing in America. It consists of the cabinets possessed by the late M. Gigot D'Orsy, of Paris, and Count Razamowsky, a Russian nobleman, long resident in Switzerland, with additions by the present proprietor, both collected and purchased. The French collection is particularly rich in the productions of the mines, such as the phosphates, carbonates, and molybdates of lead; the iron ores of Bangory, Framont, and the Isle of Elba; the silver of St. Maria and D'Allamont; the mercury of Deux Ponts; a variety of marbles, calcedonies and agates, quartz, calcareous, and other spars from France, &c. Count Razamowsky's collection contains the minerals of the Russian empire. It is particularly rich in gold and copper ores, chromates of lead; the native iron of Pallas; beryl, jaspers, &c. The remainder are chiefly German and Swiss, with a complete collection of English and Italian specimens, with the ancient marbles, porphyries, &c.; the muriates and carbonates of copper from Chili: the spinel and oriental rubies, of which this is the third complete collection existing: also a large geological collection. The whole contains about twenty thousand specimens; and it is expected will soon be open to amateurs, as well as the part hitherto exposed.

Denmark.

A seam of coal, of good quality, has been discovered in the southern parts of Zealand. This discovery is the result of a premium of 4,720 dollars, offered by the patriotic Danes, upon the commencement of hostilities with this country.

France.

An improvement in the Newtonian reflecting telescope has been announced in the National Institute: it consists in placing the small plane mirror in the middle of the telescope, perpendicularly on its axis, and not obliquely, which diminishes by one-half the length of the reflector. The astronomer Schubert, being directed to examine it, reported that this very ingenious invention afforded a more simple method of constructing telescopes of larger dimensions than any hitherto made, and yet convenient for use; that it was astonishing no person had hit upon the method before; and that a reflector, constructed according to this mode, would not only have the advantage of diminished length over those of Newton and Herschel, but would likewise permit the observer to place himself in front of the object he is desirous of examining, and to take a convenient position which he has afterwards no occasion to change.

An interesting analysis of coffee has lately been made by M. Cadet, apothecary in ordinary to the French Imrial Household; from which it appears, that the berries contain mucilage in abundance, much gallic acid, a resin, a concrete essential oil, some albumen, and a volatile aromatic principle, with a portion of lime, potash, charcoal, iron, &c. Roasting developes the soluble principles. Mocha coffee is of all kinds most aromatic and resinous. M. Cadet advises that coffee be neither roasted nor infused till the day it be drank, and that the roasting should be moderate.

Spain.

Antonio Perez is the only Spanish writer who records the words of the celebrated oath of allegiance taken formerly by the Arragonese to their Sovereign:—Antonio Perez is an authority of great weight, and sufficed to remove Robertson's doubts as to the authenticity of this extraordinary oath, though that profound historian denied that Zurita, Blanca, Aregensola, or Sayas, made any mention of it, or any of the Spanish writers consulted by him. The actual words prescribed by Antonio Perez, who was secretary to Philip II. are as follows:—"*Nos, que talemos tanto buenos como vos, os haxemos neustro Rey y Segnor, con tal que nos guardeys nuestros fueros, y libertades, y si no, no.*" Which has been thus rendered—"We, who are each of us as good as you are, are willing to acknowledge you for our Sovereign King, on the express condition that you maintain our rights and liberties; but if not, not."

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

MONSIEUR ANQUETIL PERRON, late member of the Academy of Inscriptions, Belles Lettres, History and Antient Literature, at Paris, has received a most flattering character, and by no means undeservedly, from M. Dacier, which was read at the public sitting of the National Institute, July 1, 180° M. Anquetil was born at Paris, in Dec. 1731. After finishing his studies at that university, where he found time to acquire an intimate acquaintance with the Hebrew language, he was placed by M. De Caylus, Bishop of Auxerre, at first in a seminary in his diocese, and afterwards in that of Amersfort near Utrecht, where he attained the knowledge of Arabic and Persian. He returned to Paris with the view of dedicating all his time to the perusal of the best manuscripts in the King's library, to the study of languages, and to oriental literature, the latter of which proved to be his prevailing passion. The Abbe Sallier, who had the care of these manuscripts, and was one of the most distinguished members of the Academy of Belles Lettres, took such an interest in the affairs of young Anquetil, that he introduced him to the notice of Messrs. Malesherbes, Barthelemy, &c. They first procured him an establishment

in the library, as a student in the oriental languages; though the salary was small, they knew it would be adequate to the wants of a man whose sole passion was study. This appointment seemed to complete his wishes, and left him nothing to desire.

As new ideas crowded into his mind, he formed the project of exploring every part of India, in hopes of discovering the sacred books of the antient Persians, supposed to have been written by Zoroaster. In fine, he wished to unfold the archives of the human race, and study the history of man in his primitive state. Being determined to go out with an expedition fitting out at Port L'Orient for the East Indies, without consulting his relatives or any person about him, he offered his services to a recruiting officer, and soon afterwards in spite of remonstrances marched off with his comrades on the 7th of November 1754, with a knapsack on his back; his baggage consisting of a Hebrew bible, Montaigne, and Charron's works, a case of mathematical instruments, and a map of India.

As soon as the Abbe Barthelemy and his other friends heard of this extravagant step, they, by applying to the minister, got Anquetil to board at the captain's table during the voyage, and a salary when he arrived in India, to be left to the discretion of the French governor there. He disembarked at Pondicherry in August 1755, where a number of his more enterprizing countrymen were astonished to find that his motive for coming to India, was not to amass wealth, but simply to discover the books of Zoroaster; a name many of them had never heard. In fact several refused to give credit to such a story; others considered him as a person sent out by government to be a spy upon their conduct, while others of a less suspicious cast, looked upon him as an eccentric character, whom his family had sent abroad to get rid of; all agreed, however, in neglecting and deserting him. This neglect he felt the least; he was busily employed in learning the modern Persian till he was able to converse in it with fluency. After this he resolved to quit Pondicherry, and penetrate into the interior of the country, to study the Malabar language, visit the Brahmins, and learn the Sanscrit, near some Pagoda. Willing, however, to unite his means of improvement with some place, he was at length obliged to accept of one that was inferior to the lowest clerk in India. Anquetil was still contented; a stranger to the imaginary wants of most men, he knew how to accommodate his wants to his means; he thought little of any privations, as long as his great object was promoted. He was travelling to the mouth of the Ganges; and from the mountains of Gengy, which he was traversing, he was obliged to return to Pondicherry. This, however, did not discourage him; he embarked and arrived safe at Chandernagore, where he was a little mortified on hearing that the French Consul at Surat, had actually discovered the books of Zoroaster, particularly the Vendidas Zend and Pehlwi. He determined upon setting out for Surat, but met with fresh impediments, from the circumstance of the hostilities then commenced between the French and English

Anquetil, in this dilemma, thinking it his first duty to serve his country, undertook the office of interpreter, and accordingly joined the French army destined for the defence of Bengal, but he soon heard of the fall of Chandernagore, and fearing lest the chances of war should defeat his object, he left the camp alone, almost destitute of money, to undertake a journey of near 400 leagues overland to Pondicherry. He escaped the English, and crossed a country overrun with tigers, though he had scarcely any weapon of defence; he at length joined the advanced guard of a caravan of 6000 Faquirs, going on a pilgrimage to the famous Pagoda of Jagrenuut, and who lived only by plunder. He presented himself to them with such an air of assurance, that they not only desisted from plundering him, but gave him a passport, that he might not be molested by their friends.

After an hundred days' journey across the burning sands of a country never attempted by any European, without ever failing to visit every Pagoda, and place worthy of attention, he at length reached Pondicherry, where the report of his death had been

received, and he forgot all his troubles and fatigues in the embraces of one of his brothers, just arrived there from Europe, to be employed in the Company's civil service. Both brothers, however, embarked together for the coast of Malabar; the vessel having put into Mahé, Anquetil resolved to visit the country, and proceeded to Cohour, Goa, and Aurengabad, as far as the Mahratta country. At length he arrived at Surat, where he found many difficulties to encounter before he could remove the scruples and prejudices of the priests, who looked upon the communication of their writings and doctrines to persons of a different religion, as nothing less than profanation. His zeal and perseverance however, surmounted every difficulty, and he even obtained admittance into the number of the disciples of Destours. By intense application he soon became sufficiently acquainted with the Zend and Pehlwi, to be able to translate several works from those languages.

In March 1759, he began with a Vocabulary of the Pehlwi, a work which no European before had even thought of undertaking, upon which the Governor of Pondicherry doubled his salary, which still did not exceed 3000 livres. This enabled him to defray the expenses of his journies, and purchase a number of manuscripts, with which he hoped to enrich his native country. He soon after began translating the Vendidad from the Zend and Pehlwi texts, under the immediate direction of Destours, and which he finished in little less than three months; this brought on so dangerous an illness, that he was obliged to relinquish all kind of study.

Soon after, being attacked in the streets of Surat by one of his countrymen, he had the misfortune to kill him in his own defence, after having himself received five wounds; these again laid him up several months. Having recovered, by the help of an Arabian interpreter, he undertook to translate several Zend and Pehlwi books, during which he acquired so competent a knowledge of the Persian, that he finished these books without his assistance. While at Surat, Anquetil, though at the risk of his life, had he been discovered, was introduced to the sacred fire, kept in the most secret part of the temple, and he beheld the various rites, of which before he had only an imperfect idea. He next engaged in studying the language, the sacred antiquities, and the laws of the Hindoos. He had several Sanscrit vocabularies, and thought of going to Benares, to get instruction from the Brahmins; but the taking of Pondicherry by the English, destroyed all his hopes, and he thought of nothing more than returning to Europe. For this purpose, he was obliged to throw himself upon the protection of the English. Having got a passage in an English ship, he took with him 180 valuable manuscripts, in the different oriental languages, besides coins, medals, &c. which he had collected in India.

Arriving in England, he was treated as a prisoner of war, but representing his situation to the British government, he was soon set at liberty. However, before he returned to France, he visited Oxford, there to inspect the manuscripts of the Vendidad, which had originally suggested his enterprising voyage to the East. He collated the principal manuscripts which he brought over with these, and returned to Paris in March 1762, after an absence of nearly eight years, poorer than he left that city, having now lost his small pittance; and he would have remained long in this situation, had not the Abbe Barthelemy and other friends been more attentive to his interest than himself, by obtaining a pension for him, with the title and appointment of translator of the Oriental languages to the Royal Library, in which he deposited the books of Zoroaster and other curious manuscripts, some of which were unknown in Europe.

In 1763 he was nominated a member of the Academy of Belles Lettres, vacant by the death of M. Bourganville. In 1771, he published a translation of the sacred books of Persia, under the title of the *Zend Avesta*. Two of the most valuable manuscripts were the *Vendidad* and the *Izeschne*, containing many passages from Zoroaster; as the whole of those pieces was not from his pen, though M. Anquetil endeavoured to prove the contrary. Besides some of his countrymen, Sir Wm. Jones

attacked Anquetil with considerable warmth; the latter felt that he had provoked these criticisms by some indiscreet pleasantries upon the literati of Oxford, and therefore had the good sense not to reply. To his translations, Anquetil annexed an account of his voyages, containing illustrations of the antiquities and geography of India, also the life of Zoroaster, an exposition of the dogmas, rites, and ceremonies of the Persians, with notes. With Montesquieu, he did not think the natives of the Indies mere slaves.

In France, M. Anquetil was looked upon as the representative and literary agent of India, as such he received presents from different individuals, consisting of manuscripts, &c. for the Royal Library at Paris. At the commencement of the revolution, Anquetil published *La Dignité du Commerce, & de l'Etat du Commercant*, a work which would have been well received at any other time, but which then was scarcely noted. Anquetil soon after this shut himself up in his library, and appeared no longer in the Academy, where he had been an assiduous member; and he dropped all correspondence, even with his most intimate friends.

Bereft of every kind of income, he was occasionally obliged to dispose of many of his books, to pay rent for the rest, and supply himself with the common necessaries of life; but having for a length of time accustomed himself to abstemiousness, and even privation, he considered himself the only happy man at that time in France. In this manner he had traversed India, where being affected with the evils with which the cupidity of the Europeans had loaded that rich but unhappy country, he endeavoured in vain to persuade them, in a work which he published in 1798, under the title of *L'Inde en rapport avec L'Europe*, that it was their interest to build warehouses instead of batteries; to send out merchants instead of soldiers; to establish a connection cemented by confidence, and not authority founded in force, and maintained by injustice and tyranny.

The next work of M. Anquetil, who found himself prevented by the war from going to India to study the Sanscrit, was *Recueil des Oupnekhat*; or *Upanischada*: viz. "*Secrets not to be revealed.*" This work enables us to appreciate most of the philosophic and religious dogmas of the Brahmins. His translation was made in Latin, in order to adhere more closely to the Persian phrases, and mystic obscurity of the original. It is in reality very obscure, and not illustrated in many places, even by the notes of Anquetil, who seemed at length to have been carried away by the reveries of a recluse. In an epistle which he addressed to the Brahmins, he says, "Bread and cheese, to the value of four French sous, or the twelfth part of a rupee, and water from the well, form my daily food: I live without fire even in winter, I sleep without even a bed, or bed-clothes; neither do I change or wash my linen. I subsist upon the fruits of my literary works without income, revenue, or pension; I have neither wife, children, nor servants. Having no estates I have no tie in this world. Alone, but entirely free, I am in friendship with all mankind. In this simple state at warfare with my senses, I either triumph over worldly attractions, or I despise them. Looking up with veneration to that supreme and perfect being, drawing near my end, I wait with impatience for the dissolution of my body."

There does not appear to be the least exaggeration in the account he gives of himself; all his intimates give just the same description of his way of life. His passion for the most perfect independence accustomed him from his youth to an austere diet, which he ever after observed,—"Oh poverty too much despised," said he, in one of his remarks, "thou art the protector of soul and body, and the bulwark of morality and religion." He was too open to feign any virtue or sentiment. On the suppression of a Journal from which he received a pension, on his return from India, nothing could induce him to seek a recompense.

The Abbe Barthelemy was still his providence, and served him without his knowledge, in order not to offend him, so that Anquetil always considered the grant conferred on him by the minister, solely as an act of justice. It was found impossible to make him accept of a pension of 900 livres to-

wards the end of the reign of Louis XVI. when one of his acquaintance undertook the task. After trying every method of persuasion in vain, he secretly put the money in one corner of the chimney, and hastily left the room, but the purse with the money found its way to the bottom of the stairs before him. In like manner, he refused a pension of 6000 livres from the Committee of Public Instruction. So familiar with poverty himself, he felt only for others, and was at a loss on whom to bestow the superfluous part of his moderate income. When he was admitted a member of the National Institute, he was then uneasy, lest he should be too rich. "Pray inform me, (said he to one of his friends) what honest family is in need of relief. I know of none, and I receive at least 100 francs per month, which are totally useless to me, unless applied this way." Old age after all, and his seclusion from literary society did not change his sentiments; he was the same to the end, when the sudden failure of his senses convinced him that his end was fast approaching. He had five brothers who repaired to him as soon as he was known to be ill; and he at length consented to be taken to one of their houses, as his own lodging contained no kind of moveables whatever but books. He died on the 17th of Jan. 1805, in the arms of his brother, professing to the last the same sentiments and the same love of truth as he had all his life entertained.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

"IN the present political state of Europe, and indeed at all times, the propriety of England cultivating a close and friendly intercourse with Spain is so apparent, that we cannot but feel surprised it should have been so long neglected. On enquiry, we find the causes of this to be various. Ancient wars; alliances between the two former monarchies of France and Spain; and the interests of the latter country and of England badly understood by both. Yet I affirm, that such are the dispositions of the Spaniards towards the English that, with a little care on the part of the government, the two countries might become indissolubly united. It is here that we ought to look for a great balance to the power of France. *It is in this country perhaps, unfavourable as appearances may now be, that the freedom of Europe is destined to commence.*

"The highlanders of Britain may still rouse to arms in a kindred language their Celtic brethren in the mountains of Leon, Biscay, and Gallicia; and even extend their enthusiasm over the plains to the centre of the country and the mountains of Arragon and Guadarrama. But the great events, likely soon to take place in this country, mock the vain spirit of prophecy. I bid adieu to Spain, and should quit with regret its lofty mountains, its almost boundless plains, its delightful climate, and the many monuments of its departed glories; but I have been always used to breathe the air of freedom, and around me I see nothing but slavery, stifled indignation, and misery. Its happy natural situation is overbalanced by political errors, and the blindness of despotic power: and whilst we regret that so fine a country should be almost abandoned to nature, we cannot but feel some small portion of contempt for the inhabitants who permit it."

These are the words of a late traveller into Spain, who published his travels in the beginning of the year 1807, and who was in Spain some little time before the battle of Trafalgar. The author, Mr. Semple, is an American by birth, but by principles and education an Englishman; and he views the countries through which he passes with the eye of a philosopher and lover of mankind. He saw the wretched state of Spain, witnessed its degradation by profligate princes, and cheating priests and monks. Yet, in this abject state, he could trace the outlines of a generous spirit, which circumstances might excite, and which subsequent events have proved to exist in the minds of numerous Spaniards.

Since our last report, the accounts from this country, notwithstanding

their folly about the mother of God, the saints, and the immaculate conception of the Virgin, evince great political wisdom and energy: the men who take the lead in Spain are at present alive to every sentiment of patriotism, and are well acquainted with the ancient political liberties of the country, of which they have been basely deprived by their preceding monarchs, particularly those of the house of Bourbon, and by the treachery and art of priestcraft. The courage of the nation has been tried in various actions with the French, whom they have compelled to retire to the north of Spain; and we cannot but feel some apprehensions that the French may receive reinforcements to enable them to retain some strong holds, and to renew the war with vigour.

All the country to the south of Madrid is completely cleared of the French: the Franco-Spanish king has retreated to Burgos, and to that place he is calling in all his forces. Bilboa has been taken by them: but we every day expect to hear the news of its surrender. Spanish troops are marching from the south, east, and west; and, if our accounts are true, they are sufficient in number to compel the French to retire: whether they can cut off their retreat, and compel the surrender of the enemy's army, we have not sufficient intelligence to determine. There is a great difference between cutting off detachments and the fighting of a battle on a grand scale, in which, it is evident that the French must have a great superiority in experience, in discipline, and in the skill of their Generals. We shall hope that they will not put any thing to so great a risque, but follow the advice of their Precautions; and, in the mean time, they must think of forming a regular army to meet the threatened attack of the French emperor.

Bonaparte is evidently collecting troops to subdue the spirit of Spain. In his communications with his senate he treats the baffling of his hopes as a mere insurrection of the lower classes, instigated by the priests, the English, and the hopes of plunder. He is marching troops towards the Pyrenees, and sending his most experienced Generals to that quarter. It is doubtful whether he means to join them, or whether he may not be called eastward by the affairs of Austria. At any rate he will not give up Spain easily: the conflict will be long and severe, but very different from that of the succession war, when the House of Bourbon was first set on the Spanish throne. At that time it was a mere dispute of courts, mere cabinet intrigues, supported by soldiers, and in which the people were reckoned as nothing. Now it is a war, in which the whole mass of the people are engaged, fighting for their liberties and independence against a nation which they never liked, and from which they have lately received the deepest injuries. Nothing can prevent their success but disunion among themselves, and against this the labours of the wisest men have been directed: how far their counsels will be attended to time must shew; but the annals of history have scarcely ever presented to the world so grand a subject for contemplation. When the Americans were fighting for their liberty and independence, principles were divulged and maintained which shook the throne of ancient prejudice; and with great bravery, and skill, and patriotism, they formed the excellent government which they now possess: but the circumstances of the people of America and Spain are very different, and modes of government are various. Spain may form an admirable government, totally different from that of America, or those now existing in Europe: and it should always be remembered, that the form is not of so much importance as the establishment of the civil rights of each individual, and particularly of that grand right, to which every man is entitled, and of which he cannot be deprived but by fraud or unjust force, that of worshipping his Master according to the dictates of his own conscience.

A grand step is now taken towards the formation of the government; and the Junta of Seville issued a most admirable paper upon the occasion. All the Juntas seemed to be impressed with the same principles, and the necessity of forming a central government for the immediate purposes of carrying on the war with France, corresponding with other countries, and

keeping up the connections with their colonies. In consequence of this mutual agreement, deputies have been elected by the different Juntas, who are to meet at Cuidad Reale, in the district of La Mancha, there to take upon themselves the reins of government, and to provide every thing for the meeting of the Cortez. Much will depend upon the wisdom and patriotism of this delegated body; the happiness of the kingdom is in a great measure in their hands, and there is every reason to believe, that the fittest persons have been selected upon this occasion. In the first exercise of their authority, they will probably go upon the ancient principles of their free government; and war must be their chief concern. To the Cortez must be left the settling of the fixed principles of their future government; and it is to be hoped, that their king will be kept safely in France till the whole is arranged. As a constitution was provided for them at Bayonne by the French emperor, which, with all its defects, was far better than that by which they have ever yet been governed, it is to be presumed, that they will not present to Spain a worse system: they have the example of our own country before them, and therefore ought to avoid our errors. One single principle being established,—namely, that the Cortez shall meet every year, be elected annually, and every man be incapable of holding any place or pension under government, or any post whatever in the kingdom, will preserve them from infinite mischief. The kingdom can always present a sufficient number of such men, from whom to form a selection: and without this proviso, their country will present the usual contemptible instances of corruption, intrigue, and faction.

In Spain every thing looks well.—We turn our eyes towards Portugal:—every thing looked well in Portugal. An army of Englishmen, well appointed, meet the French, and beat them in two battles. The news arrives, and fills every heart with joy. This army receives reinforcements—outnumbers the French almost doubly. News does not arrive for some time.—The winds occasion a delay; but no doubt is entertained, that the British colours wave over the walls of Lisbon, and the ships of Russia. At last an express reaches town:—the Park and Tower guns are fired:—the news is spread abroad, that the French have capitulated, and the Russian fleet has surrendered. We rejoice in the services rendered to the Portuguese; in that kingdom being rescued from French thraldom; and in so many French soldiers being rendered incapable of doing farther injury during the war.

How are all countenances changed on the next morning, when the Gazette appears with the dispatches from our general, a Sir Hew Dalrymple. It announces, that, after the second defeat of the French, an officer from their army arrives to propose a cessation of arms, with a view to a convention, and the evacuation of Portugal by the French. Sir Arthur Wellesley is appointed to meet this general, and to lay down the basis of this convention: he settles with the French general, or one would rather suppose, the French general dictates to the English general, that the basis of the convention should be the evacuation of Portugal, on condition that the French should be conveyed away to France, with arms, ammunition, and baggage; that Lisbon should be considered as a neutral port; and that the Russian fleet should not be attacked by the English, till after a certain time from its quitting the harbour.

What could induce Sir Arthur Wellesley to put his name to such conditions, no one in England can imagine: but, be this as it may, the conditions are not treated with the contempt they deserved at head quarters. A convention is actually drawn up, signed, and sealed, by which the French are indeed to leave Portugal, but we are to find transports for them: they are to carry away their arms, a certain quantity of ammunition, and their baggage, that is, all the plunder of our allies. The Russian fleet, however, has not the same terms. Our admiral interferes in this respect, and he will not suffer the fleet to leave the Tagus; but by a strange inconsistency permits the sailors to depart, or rather consents that they shall be carried back to Russia, and the ships are to be

restored to Russia at the end of six months from the signing of the treaty of peace.

Thus the forces of our common enemies, who were cooped up in Lisbon, and incapable of acting against our allies with effect, are on a sudden let loose, and in a manner which Bonaparte and the Emperor of Russia could never have expected. Whilst the French were in Lisbon, they were to all intents and purposes of no other use, than to keep the Portuguese in the environs of the metropolis in order; and there could be no doubt, that in a short time they must have submitted to the armies of the Portuguese, unaided by our forces. They could not get into Spain to Burgos, without being cut off by the Spaniards; and they were wanted by the French at the foot of the Pyrenees. Our generals have kindly consented, that they should be conveyed away in the earliest manner to Bonaparte's army, now preparing for the invasion of Spain. They are to be landed in France, and a few days will convey them from their landing-place, to take their station in the invading army, and to attack the Spaniards. Thus the Spaniards will have no small reason to cry out against this shameful treaty.

What is the condition of the Portuguese? It does not appear that they have been at all consulted upon this occasion. A French army has seized their country, committed numberless outrages, plundered it unmercifully, and we graciously came over to assist our allies, we beat, as we say, the enemy, and yet let him carry away the property of our friends. Surely the Portuguese might say,—you ought to have left us some chance of getting back the property unjustly taken from us.—We are not indeed so much injured as the Spaniards, as we do get rid of these robbers; but, when we go to the assistance of our neighbours, we shall have to fight them again, but without any chance of the restitution of our property.

The Russian fleet was perfectly useless in the Tagus. Five thousand sailors had nothing to do, and their country could not avail itself of their services. We send them back to Russia to recruit their fleet, and to enable them to combat the King of Sweden in the Baltick. What will our ally of Sweden say to this? In fact, the treaty is injurious to Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. How does it tell with respect to ourselves? Our soldiers had fought bravely, had beaten the French, and had every reason to expect an unconditional submission, or at least that the French should become prisoners of war. The idea that they should be permitted to go again into actual service immediately seems so preposterous, that nothing scarcely can justify it. Again, both army and navy have been joined together in an expedition, and the naval force of the enemy would form, upon the usual terms, some prize-money. They have now had hard blows, and nothing in return to compensate them for their labours. In short, army and navy, the whole country, and all our allies, have reason to complain of this disgraceful business; and throughout England, not one approving voice has been heard upon this occasion.

It is natural now to ask, who were the generals that could thus dishonour the English name? The two first were scarcely known; the third, Sir Arthur Wellesley, had acted with great skill and bravery, both in Portugal and India. For some time it was reported, that the latter had left the army, and had protested against these proceedings; but his name appears in the preliminaries, giving his sanction to terms more disgraceful than those which were at last concluded. Many have been the attempts to remove the blame from his shoulders to those who are superior to him in command; but we cannot see how, if they are disgraced, he will escape from a much greater portion of ignominy. In short, the whole is a mystery, to be developed by a military enquiry: for at present we cannot account for it, but upon a supposition that will cover these generals with far more disgrace than could have even been attached to the conventions at Buenos Ayres and the Helder. Our soldiers fight bravely, what is the reason that Great Britain has so much reason to complain of her commanders in chief?

England does not complain of her naval commanders, and she has no reason, whilst they act with the spirit lately displayed in the Baltick. The

English and Russians have met together in a hostile manner on the seas. Only two of our ships were with the Swedes, and the Russians were retreating. The English advanced, and soon got away from the Swedish fleet, and nine Russian men of war were seen fleeing from two English ships of the line. Our vessels came up with the rear of the Russians, took one ship, which they were under the necessity of destroying, and compelled the rest, who came up to its assistance, to retreat. The admiral presented the Russian flag to the king of Sweden, who with the greatest gallantry desired that it might be sent to England as a proof of the bravery and skill of our naval forces. The Russian fleet escaped to Port Baltick, and may by this time be destroyed: for we doubt not that, if there is any possibility of attacking them, the opportunity will not be lost by our commanders. This success of the combined navies of Sweden and England will lead to the entire destruction of the Russian naval power in the Baltick, and by all accounts the arms of Sweden have been successful in Finland. It is certain, that the Russians have retreated, and their main body is said to be not above thirty or forty miles from Petersburgh: but accounts from that quarter are little to be depended upon. Our naval assistance will be a great point in favour of the king of Sweden, and the circumstances that have taken place in the south of Europe may continue him for some time longer on the throne.

Denmark remains, as before, inactive as to the war about her. This country has, however, been distinguished by the gallant conduct of the Spaniards, who, by Bonaparte's treachery, had been marched so far from their homes. With great skill their commander contrived to march several regiments to the sea side, who, hearing of the revolution in their country, burned with impatience to assist in the cause of liberty. Measures had been concerted with the admiral of our ships on the coast, and the Spanish troops were conveyed away from Zealand to a small island, thence to Gottenburgh, and are now on the way to England to be conveyed to their own country. We flatter ourselves that they will be landed in Biscay, before the French troops embarked at Lisbon can be marched to the Pyrenees.

What the plans of the Emperor of Russia may be, time alone can discover. Should the alliance between him and France be shaken by events in Spain, Austria will be safe: if not, the war may break out in that quarter, and Austria again be humbled. If she is, no compassion can be excited; for it does not appear, that the system of the court has been at all changed, nor that any thing has been done to make the people imitate the transactions in Spain.—Confusion is said to have taken place in Poland: the Poles, with justice, complaining that their liberty and independence were not restored. They will be brought to order by the ferocious Russians, the decided enemies of liberty, who, being slaves themselves, cannot enjoy the sight of happiness in any other country.

Turkey presents to us the usual symptoms of decaying empire. The last of the Ottomans is now upon the throne. His predecessor enjoyed it but a short time, and the young prince holds his seat on a very precarious tenure. The whole was done by the military. A commander enters the seraglio—deposes the reigning monarch—places a new one upon the throne—and makes himself vizier; that is, in other words, he is the ruler of the empire. These successive changes must weaken the state, and against so wretched a government the arms of civilized Europe might be turned with great benefit. To England might properly be assigned the islands in the Mediterranean, and the unhappy Greeks might be restored to the benefits of civilised life. The changes to take place in this part of the world cannot much longer be delayed; and the crescent of Mahomet will, it is to be hoped, soon share the same fate with the triple crown of popery.—His holiness the Pope is making sad lamentations: he cannot bear the loss of his temporalities. Whatever is to happen, we trust that Englishmen will never be so basely employed as in the restoration of his holiness, as he is called, to those dominions, which have been annexed to his see, to the

injury of his subjects and of all mankind. Indeed, much as we should rejoice at the suppression of the immense power of Bonaparte, it would be with great regret that we should see Italy restored to any of its former masters.

In France, Bonaparte has had a meeting of his senate; and before it have been laid all the papers relative to the abdication of the throne of Spain, the settling of a new constitution for it at Bayonne, and the appointment of a king. The language used on this occasion is exactly similar to that of the old courts of Europe, in which the court is every thing and the people nothing. Great appointments are made for the deposed king and prince, and the royal family of Spain; and it is taken for granted, that, when these unfortunate men had resigned their rights, which they certainly were at liberty to do, the appointment of a successor fell into the hands of him to whom they resigned them. This is upon the supposition, that a kingdom is something, to which a king has a right, independently of the people—a foolish and absurd notion! for a king cannot possess any right but by previous appointment; and we shall not find in the history of Spain, that, on the abdication of a king, the right of appointing a successor is vested in the sovereign who sits on the throne of France. However this may be, the French, lost to all the feelings of liberty, and actuated by the same wicked spirit as influenced the cabinets of Europe in the beginning of their revolution, are entering with vigour into the measures of their chief, and are fabricating manifestos similar to those of the Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Cobourg, in which the Spaniards are to be treated as revolters, and the utmost severity of punishment is to be threatened to resistance.

The Americans still continue their embargo, and are determined to continue it as long as our orders in council are in force. They are equally embarrassed with both England and France. What effect the revolution in Spain will have upon them time must shew: but we trust that they will continue their wise plan to avoid a war, and not to be led away by those false notions of honour and glory, which have hitherto misled the nations that delight in war—that disgrace to rational beings.

A singular circumstance has occurred in our colony in Botany Bay. The governor has been arrested, and sent home by the next in command. The circumstances relative to it are not sufficiently developed: but, it is said, that many illegal proceedings had taken place in the colony. That a governor may deserve this treatment, and the second in command be justified in superseding him, we cannot doubt; and nothing is more difficult than to keep governors of distant colonies to a true sense of their duty. In England, however, it has been seen, that punishment, though long delayed, follows atrocious acts; and the sentence and execution of Governor Wall are proofs, that offenders, however high in office, are amenable to the laws of their country. It would be improper to enter in the particulars of the present situation of the colony, till the charges have been properly laid against the governor, and he has been heard in his own defence.

Two gentlemen of the name of Campbell have excited a great deal of interest; and their fate will, it is to be hoped, be a warning to every one who may be hurried by his passions into the danger of committing the same crimes. The one was a military officer, the other is a civil magistrate. The unfortunate military gentleman had a dispute with a brother officer at mess upon the modes of giving command at a review, and the language used upon the occasion was warm, but not such as, according to the most rigid notions of honour, could require a duel, and they might have passed even between two Irishmen without producing one. However, the major thought that his honour was wounded, and that it must be expiated by blood; and the going home to his wife and children to tea did not calm his feelings. He sent for his brother officer after tea to the mess-room, and what passed between them can no otherwise be known, than that an explosion was soon heard, and the major's comrade was found shot through the body. Of this wound he soon after expired, and before his death, declared only of the major that

he was a bad man. The major was tried, found guilty, and executed on the gallows. Great interest was made to preserve his life; but the circumstances did not admit of the interposition of mercy. Such an awful instance of the execution of justice cannot fail of having its effect upon duellists, and of preventing the fighting of a duel without witnesses. Whether duelling may be defended at all, is a question with many moralists; but certainly, if it can be connived at, the adherence to some general rules ought to be expected from every man who takes upon himself the office of judge, jury, and executioner in his own cause. The punishment will probably next be extended to the principals and seconds in all duels, where the cause is trifling, and where the dispute could easily have been made up by the seconds. In this manner the horrors of a savage custom will be often removed; and even Irishmen will learn in time, that it does them no honour to be so ready to take away the lives of their countrymen.

The punishment of the civil magistrate was not so great, though this Mr. Campbell, like his namesake, was the means of taking away the life of an Englishman. His sentence was three months imprisonment, and a fine to the crown: and if to this is added the poignant reflection of the censure of the law and of all our countrymen, unless perhaps we may except some members of the society for the suppression of vice, we trust that this will be sufficient to prevent similar wrong-headedness, and the dangerous interference of the members for the suppression of vice in the diversions of the people. A country feast or wake was held somewhere near Bath, with the usual country diversions, which the members of the vice society hold so much in abhorrence. Mr. Campbell chose to term the meeting riotous, broke in among the people with one or two constables, and being rather pressed in return by them, shot with a pistol one of them dead. The laws of the land were sufficient for the seizure of the culprit, who was very properly brought to his trial, and after an excellent admonition from the judge, received the sentence of the law, and is now undergoing the punishment, which it awarded to his crime. On the unhappy man we would avoid saying any thing to wound his feelings; on the contrary we rejoice at the good character which, from the testimony of his neighbours, he seems in general to have borne: but the circumstances in which this criminal placed himself, cannot fail of giving rise to serious reflections:—A disposition of late years has prevailed in this country of interfering, under the ideas of a specious morality, with all the amusements of the lower classes. Many gentlemen who have good houses, excellent dinners, and excellent wines, who can visit their friends when they please, and how they please, constitute themselves into judges of what ought to please their inferiors; and their inferiors are to move in a line or rule, according to the supposed more refined notions of those more moral and evangelical men. Let the criminal conduct of Mr. Campbell and his punishment bring such persons to better reflections, and lead their minds to a better train of thinking: we recommend to them a paper of Jovellanos on the interference of government in the amusements of Spain, which they will find at the end of Lord Holland's memoirs of Lopez de Vega. They will there see how the spirit of a people may be broken; and to this state would the people of England be brought, if the society for the suppression of vice was not daily sinking into contempt.

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" SEMPER FIDELIS."

The Song of "Fitz Eustace." The poetry from "*Marmion*", a Tale of Flodden Field, as sung by Mrs. Ashe at the Senate House, Cambridge, and at Mr. Bartleman's concert, &c. &c. Composed by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. 2s. 6d.

WE feel great pleasure and satisfaction in reviewing the song before us; it is another excellent proof of the skill and scientific knowledge of Dr. Clarke as a composer, who (in our estimation) ranks as high in professional eminence as any English composer of the present day: he has been particularly successful in the introductory symphony of this song; the passage intended for the *Scottish Bag-Pipe* is well imagined and truly characteristic, as are also the bold melody and accompaniments to the words, "*Where thro' Groves deep and high*," "*Sounds the far Billow*," which is succeeded by a delightfully smooth and winning passage to the words, "*Where Violets die*" "*under the Willow*." This with the chorus is a beautiful and elegant effusion of a well cultivated genius, and the concluding symphony makes "*le tout ensemble*" of this verse one of the happiest musical productions of the kind we have ever witnessed; the accompaniments to the other verses are equally entitled to our just praise. H.

The favourite *Overture* to the new pantomime, called "*Harlequin in his Element*," performed with universal applause at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden. Composed by W. Ware. 2s.

THIS overture commences with a slow movement in the key of F, with four flats, and consists of eight bars, which are neither more nor less than a succession of discords calculated only to produce an unmeaning effect: by the number of pauses (six) which Mr. W. has introduced in this *eight bar trifle*, it appears to us that he was at a loss how to proceed in the grandeur of his *ideal* theoretical knowledge. We sincerely wish that he had made but *one pause*, and that had been before he began to annoy the ears of the public with his *empty rattle*, which he calls *composition*; had the *pause* lasted *for ever*, we should not have regretted it, unless he could display more genius and theory in his compositions. The second movement of this overture is a redundancy of "*tum te tum*" and "*tweedle dee*." The first *thirty-two* bars of which consist of the harmony of F and C exclusively, Humph! the fertility of Mr. W.'s musical imagination is "*truly astonishing*." In short, an attempt to analyze Mr. W.'s composition in general would be Herculean labour. We can compare his *industry and perseverance*, as a composer, to nothing better than the "*hobbling gait of a man with a wooden-leg walking over a plow'd field*, whose exertions produce "*excessive fatigue, countless blunders, and hair breadth escapes*." H.

"*The Spanish Lady's Patriotic Farewell to her Lover*." Composed by John Whitaker. Written and dedicated to Miss Martinez by Miss Betham. 1s. 6d.

THIS song is composed in the Spanish Fandango style; and upon the whole has a pleasing effect; but we can by no means rank it with Mr. Whitaker's happier productions. Had it however come from the pen of either Mr. Kelly, Braham, or Reeve, we should have thought that *they* had been remarkably successful. T.

"*Young Lochinvar*." Lady Heron's song from the celebrated poem, entitled Marmion. Written by Walter Scott, Esq. Composed with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Liston. By John Whitaker. 1s. 6d.

IN setting "Young Lochinvar," Mr. Whitaker has manifested his usual ability and taste; every bar both in symphony and song, is effective; indeed, with the exception of "*Thine am I my faithful Fair*" and "*Silent Kisses*," we do not recollect any song

of Mr. Whitaker's that we have perused with greater pleasure.

We cannot forbear again lamenting that the managers of our theatres are so blind to their own interest and so regardless of the gratification of the public, as to leave such men as Shield, Whitaker, and Davy, almost wholly unemployed, while every opera, and musical entertainment is given to one or other of those wretched drivellers Braham, Reeve, Kelly, or Ware. Why will they persist, when they have it in their power to provide us with repasts the most substantial and delicious, in drenching us with water gruel the most nauseous. T.

"*Each has a Lover but me.*" A Ballad, sung with unbounded applause by Mrs. Liston at the Haymarket Theatre. Composed by John Whitaker. 1s. 6d.

This song of Mr. Whitaker's is of a lighter description than that reviewed in our last article, but possesses very considerable merit. The piano-forte accompaniment is very simple and tasteful. We never heard Mrs. Liston sing a ballad more bewitchingly than she did this at the Haymarket Theatre last season. T.

"*B.C.Y.*" The favourite comic song, sung with unbounded applause by Mrs. C. Dibdin, in the pantomime of Harlequin's Lottery, at Sadler's Wells. Written by C. Dibdin, jun. Composed by Mr. Reeve. 1s.

Of all the disgusting, vulgar, stupid, trash that ever insulted the ears of any audience, surely the words of this song are the most vile. How Messrs Dibdin and Reeve can unblushingly *publish* such stuff, we are utterly at a loss to conjecture.

Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. seems to think that the making use of orthography and grammar so monstrous that never proceeded even from the mouth of a Jew cloathsman, is *wit*; and if it be, most certainly Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. is one of the greatest wits of the age, not excepting even his own *pot boy*. T.

"*Toodle oodle oo.*" Sung with great applause by Mr. Smith in the White Witch, at Sadler's Wells. Written by C. Dibdin, jun. Music by Mr. Reeve. 1s.

"Toodle oodle oo" is *half a degree* better than B C Y, and *only* half a degree. It possesses the same portion of stupidity and beastly vulgarity as B C Y, but not so much *witty* orthography and grammar. We cannot dismiss these two last articles without expressing our regret that music-sellers, so respectable as Messrs. Button and Whitaker, should suffer their names to be attached to such abominable rubbish in order to give it currency. And we would advise them, should Messrs Reeve and Dibdin offer them any more of such precious commodities, to refer those gentlemen to *Portland-street* or *Turnstile*, they being the proper channels for such songs as B C Y and "Toodle oodle oo." T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Synephorus" is particularly requested to send his MS. less perplexed with erasures and transpositions.

The poetry transmitted by "J. F." has not general merit enough to entitle it to insertion in our Magazine.

The "effusions of the genius" of "W. A. S.," if we may judge from the specimen sent to us, had better be kept for private perusal.

We do not think the Query of "Non Nemo" of that dubious nature, to render it worthy of being submitted to our readers.

The "Admonitory Impromptu" by "D.S.L." is quite inadmissible.

To our *constant Reader* "E.," who has sent us an account of the birth, parentage, and education, of certain obscure periodical publications, intended as a supplement to a letter in our last number, we may observe, that we do not wish to convert the Universal Magazine into a bookseller's catalogue.

It would give us pleasure to comply with the request of "J. R. Thompson," if we thought that by so doing we should consult either his or our readers' advantage; but, upon mature consideration, he will perhaps thank us for declining his MS. which is left for him at our publishers.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE late BISHOP of ELY (see page 181 of our last) was the youngest and only surviving son of the Chancellor, who has been named the great Lord Hardwicke. In the very early days of the bishop, he was walking with his father at Wimple; happening to see Ely cathedral, he remarked it; the Chancellor with his usual foresight said, "James already looks to Ely." He was successively appointed to the deanery of Lincoln, and the bishopricks of St. David's, Gloucester, and Ely, the last of which sees he held for twenty-seven years; and after a life of no less uniform rectitude than those of his honoured parents and beloved brothers and sisters, he died at the advanced period of 78 years of age.

His lordship was affectionately loyal to his sovereign, politely attentive to his equals, and kindly interested for the welfare of his inferiors. It is almost unnecessary to mention among so many instances of his disinterested sense of duty, that the mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, was offered to the late Dr. Paley, without solicitation; and that during his superintendance, by example and exhortation, to the clergy of the diocese, especially with respect to residence, the Isle of Ely had much improved in morals, in social order, and in general felicity.

His lordship has left a widow, whose affliction, it is hoped, will be mitigated by the recollection of having been a dutiful and affectionate companion during a long course of years, employed in the exercise of useful virtue and charitable piety. Numerous relatives and descendants, by whom he will ever be regretted, and a memory worthy of the dignified and sacred situation he was placed in. He lived to his latest hour with the consolations and the tranquillity of a patriarch.

The revenues of the see of Ely were considerably increased about thirty years ago, by the pulling down of the episcopal palace in Holborn, and the erection of Ely-place on its scite. At that time parliament granted a house in Dover-street for the town residence of the bishop, which is now called Ely-house.

Lady DACRE, (see page 181 of our last). It has been observed by a celebrated writer, that a good name, like the beams of the sun, will spread far and wide. The remark is applicable to the late Lady Dacre, who died most sincerely beloved, and regretted by all who knew her. Her benevolence was unlimited, and hundreds are now living to relate instances of her bounty. The most remarkable trait in her character was conjugal affection, for she evinced a most extraordinary attachment to the memory of her husband. During the life of Lord Dacre, it was well known to the family that Lady Dacre seldom quitted his presence; and since his death, which happened about thirteen years since, it was her invariable custom, in winter and summer, to visit his tomb in Lee church-yard every evening at nine o'clock. One hour was usually employed in meditation, and, secluded from the busy eye of curiosity, she indulged in pleasing retrospection, while the tear of affection bedewed her husband's grave. During one nocturnal visit, she was attacked near the church-yard by a robber, who plundered her of several valuables; but as he did not use violence, she could not be prevailed on to punish him when he was discovered. After this interruption, she had a door made to open into the church-yard from the back of her house, and she continued her visits without meeting any other intruder. The monument of Lord Dacre, which is a very handsome pile of white marble, she enclosed with iron work, and entered the sacred spot by a door. She also employed a servant to keep it clean, and it exhibited, to the day of her ladyship's death, a neat appearance. Her dress and manners were rather eccentric, but her mind was amiable.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

ON Tuesday morning, the 20th inst. one of the most tremendous conflagrations which this metropolis has witnessed for many years took place, and which ended in the total destruction of this noble theatre, together with a great number of the adjoining houses; but the circumstance which consummated the calamity is the melancholy destruction of human life which ensued. The play and entertainment announced for representation on Monday night, were *Pizarro* and *The Portrait of Cervantes*, which were performed with the greatest *eclat*, and produced a remarkably full house —During the performance, nothing transpired which could indicate, in the least degree, the possibility of the melancholy catastrophe, which in a very few hours afterwards took place. The representation was over by eleven o'clock, and about twelve Mr. Brandon, after going round the house, saw every thing apparently safe, and retired to rest. The watchman also went his usual rounds at two o'clock in the morning, when there was no appearance to excite suspicion. At four Mr. Brandon was called up by the watchman, when the whole house was in flames. About this time a thick smoke, and immediately afterwards flames, were seen issuing from the large ventilator on the roof of Covent Garden theatre. Within ten minutes, several parts of the roof were perceived to be on fire, and in half an hour the whole covering of that immense building was in flames, burning with such fury and intenseness, that, though it was then broad day light, the column of fire thrown up was perceivable even in many of the more distant environs of the metropolis. The engines of every fire office in town, and of all the neighbouring parishes, rattling through the streets, spread an universal alarm. Every person within half a mile supposed, on looking out, the fire to be within three or four houses of him. The theatre was speedily surrounded with engines, and thousands of persons, ready to give all the assistance in their power; but the building is so closely surrounded by high and deep houses, that for some time very little or nothing could be done by all their efforts to check the progress of the flames. The roof fell in about six, and we lament to say, that, before eight o'clock, the whole interior of this magnificent building, the audience part, the stage, the different entrances, the treasury, and music-room, were consumed. Of so great a destruction, effected in so short a time, there is perhaps no former instance; but the large area of the theatre gave air to the flames, and almost every material composing it was highly combustible.

The endeavours of the firemen were now all applied to the prevention of an increase of the calamity, the houses on the four sides of the theatre being evidently in great danger. Their height made it impossible for the engines to play over them; but the leather pipes were carried up the staircases of the houses to the third floors, and, being thrown down, the ends were fastened to the engines below. All these exertions could not prevent the progress of the flames to the houses in Bow-street, to which side the wind inclined. Several of these are connected with the theatre, and appropriated to different parts of the establishment. Most of these are destroyed, and some others. The house of Mr. M'Kinlay, a bookbinder, where there was a vast quantity of printed books in sheets, is consumed, with all its contents. That of Mr. Dalmaine, an upholsterer, was on fire, but is saved. The fire also communicated to many of the houses in Hart-street, which received considerable damage, and the back premises of several coachmakers in Long-Acre, were, for a time, in considerable danger, but, by the exertions of the firemen, the progress of the conflagration was stopped in that quarter.

Soon after four o'clock, when the fire was at its height, from the direction and force of the wind, there was reason to fear the destruction of the whole mass of houses reaching to Russell-street; but the wind soon fell

considerably, and the fire seemed to take a different direction. It is impossible to describe the horrors of the scene at this moment. The immense volume of fire, the crashing of the beams, and of the roof, the knocking up of the families in the neighbourhood, in order to save themselves from the devouring element, altogether formed a scene which beggars description. As the heavy timbers fell, the light burning matter was thrown up to an immense height and extent, and the whole atmosphere was filled with floating flakes of fire, which fell in all directions, spreading consternation, and threatening ruin to the whole neighbourhood. Pieces of scenery and ornaments were carried to a considerable distance, and a piece of carved wood, all on fire, even fell near St. Clement's church, in the Strand. The Apollo on the top of Drury-lane theatre, formed a striking spectacle, as the fiery materials fell around it in a sort of shower. The conflagration continued to extend itself without the least prospect of a stop being put to its fury. The alarm was spread all over the town with the utmost rapidity: the fire engines could not render any effectual assistance for a considerable time, from the scarcity of water. This circumstance, though it would be matter of great regret at a fire of less magnitude, was of little consequence: for had all the engines in London been suffered to play upon the burning pile at once, little benefit could have been derived from their exertions, so tremendous were the flames at one time.

Six houses in Bow-street are totally destroyed, of a seventh little more than the exterior walls are left, and on an eighth house the engines were playing in the course of the day, as they were also on the ruins of the theatre. Even in the evening there was a perceptible glow of light in the atmosphere above the ruins, and a strong reflection from the interior of the theatre, which still glowed like a furnace, was thrown upon the opposite houses. Great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Drury-lane theatre, as the flakes of fire were carried by the wind with force, and in great quantities in that direction. A great number of people mounted the roof, ready, in case of actual fire, to open the large cistern of water provided there. They also stopped the windows with wet cloths, to prevent the entrance of the flames, and thus secured the theatre. All the people in the neighbourhood took a similar precaution, and were employed, with their servants, in picking up the flakes of fire as they fell on the roofs, or in the yards. A great number of volunteers, of different corps, were speedily assembled, and by their activity and exertions, were very useful in keeping open the passages to the theatre, and in preventing the inconveniences arising from a mob. These were followed by detachments from the Horse and Foot Guards, who continued on the spot during the course of the day. Several miscreants were taken into custody, who had attempted to avail themselves, for the purposes of plunder, of the confusion and dismay produced by this tremendous catastrophe. But great as this calamity is to the proprietors and other sufferers, a most dreadful occurrence is yet to be mentioned.

The firemen attached to an engine belonging to the Phœnix office, together with several others, had broke open the door of the theatre under the Piazza, and advancing forward into the passage, had directed the pipes up the stairs leading to the boxes. While thus in the act of playing upon the interior of the theatre, a stack of chimnies belonging to the Shakspeare tavern fell down, and bursting through the covering of the passage, buried them in the ruins! This dreadful event took place about a quarter before seven, and it was a considerable time before the rubbish, which blocked up the door, could be cleared away. When it was effected, a miserable spectacle presented itself. The mangled bodies of dead and dying appearing through the rubbish, or discovered in each advance to remove it. Three of them were firemen belonging to the Phœnix fire-office. Sixteen were taken to Middlesex hospital, miserably mangled, with broken limbs, and dreadful bruises. The number of killed and wounded cannot be ascertained; but it is generally believed that they were not short of fifty. In the course of the evening,

seventeen mangled bodies were carried to Covent-Garden bonehouse to be owned. Two of those who were taken to the hospital, died shortly after. Mr. Harris, an optician, and a member of the Bloomsbury Association, was got out of the ruins alive, but died about four o'clock.—Mr. Turner, a butcher, also a member of the same corps, was carried out dreadfully mangled, but there were hopes entertained of his recovery.—A Mr. James, an attorney's clerk in York-street, is also said to have perished in this dreadful catastrophe.

The loss to the proprietors of the theatre cannot but be very heavy, notwithstanding their insurance. The value of the music alone, the accumulation of many years, is said to be ten thousand pounds. The quantity of most valuable scenery, which has been amassing for so many years, and which can hardly ever be replaced, must also amount to a very large sum; and the whole property of the theatre destroyed has been estimated at upwards of 100,000*l.* while the amount of the insurance by which it is covered, is stated at 75,000*l.* The destruction occasioned to the adjacent buildings is also very great.

The Treasurer (Mr. Hughes) though infirm, contrived to secure all the books and papers relative to the concerns of the theatre, as well as the produce of the last night's performance.

Among other losses, the *Beef-Steak Club*, which held their meetings at the top of the theatre, and has existed for many years, have lost all their stock of old wines, which cannot be replaced, and worth at least fifteen hundred pounds, beside their sideboard and table implements.

THEATRICAL CONFLAGRATIONS.—Drury-lane Theatre was built 1662; destroyed by fire 1672; rebuilt 1674; pulled down 1791; rebuilt 1794.

Covent-garden Theatre was built 1733; enlarged 1792; destroyed by fire 1808.

Opera-house, Hay-market, opened 1704; burnt down 1789; the foundation of a new one laid 1790.

Pantheon, Oxford-street, opened 1772; converted into an opera-house 1784; burnt down 1792.

Astley's Amphitheatre, burnt down on the Duke of York's birth-night, 1794; rebuilt; and burnt down a second time in 1808.

Royal Circus destroyed by fire on the Prince of Wales's birth-day, 1805.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant to the 24th Regiment Light Dragoons, his most gracious permission to assume, in addition to any other badges or devices to which it may be entitled, to bear in its colours and on its appointments the *Elephant*, with the word "*Hindoostan*" inscribed around it, in commemoration of the distinguished valour displayed by that corps in the battles fought at Alli-Ghur on the 4th September 1803, and at Delhi, on the 9th of the same month, and as a lasting testimony of the exemplary conduct of that corps during the period it served in India.

ABUSES IN THE ARMY.—The Commissioners of Military Inquiry have made their Sixth Report. It relates to the War-Office Establishment,—Army Agency, and Army Cloathing.—The expence of the War-Office establishment amounts to 34,000l. a-year. The grant of 2,500 a-year to Mr. Lewis, on his retiring from his situation, is very properly objected to, on the ground that Mr. Lewis, while in office, received the enormous sum of 18,400l. a-year!—Abuses in the Messengers' department are complained of: one Messenger receives upwards of 500l. a-year for dilivering letters, which might generally be sent by Post; and another Messenger, or at least a person so called, *a servant of the Earl of Liverpool*, has about 300l. a-year, for doing what so many of his superiors are also paid for,—*nothing!*—Mr. Merry, the Chief Examiner of Army Accounts, supplies the garrison at Gibraltar with coals. The Commissioners recommend the abolition of this practice, for that of open competition.

The expence attending the present system of Army Agency is stated at 80,000l. a-year, besides subjecting the public to a risk of from six to seven millions. The Commissioners recommend a reduction of the allowance to the Army Agents, and that they give security for the business they undertake.

Much abuse seems to prevail in re-

spect to cloathing the troops, which is now in the hands of the Colonels. The Commissioners recommend that they shall be paid only for the number of suits *actually delivered to the effectives* of their several crops, at the rate sent in by Mr. Pierse; but that as a compensation for the loss they would sustain by such an arrangement, the Colonels should receive an increase of 700l. a-year to their pay. This is really a curious recommendation. It should seem that Government (that is, the people) have been paying for clothes which have never been supplied. We believe the fact to be, that it is seldom a regiment has its full complement of men, although cloathing is paid for as if complete. This practice might lead to the most dreadful evils. It would be evidently the interest of the Colonels to keep their regiments short of men, to the great prejudice of the public service; not to mention that the mode of charging for what has never been had, though it may have become the general practice, is inconsistent with the character of a British Officer, who should hold in supreme contempt the base arts of unprincipled shopkeepers.

The Army accounts appear to be in a very confused state. The Commander-in-Chief's particular friend, Mr. Greenwood, the Agency Leviathan, has large claims on Government, some of which are said to be inadmissible. The simple truth is, that little good can be expected while the present rotten system prevails.

There is too much of favouritism, too much of intrigue, and too much of open sale, to hope for good from any partial amendments. The edifice is unsound and tottering, because the vermin have sheltered and battened in it too long.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.—At St. Lawrence, Jewry, James Coulston, Esq. of Cheapside, to Miss Elizabeth Ditchman, Hackney.

At Hendon Church, James Foot, esq. of Islington, to Miss Slade, of Guther Edge, Hendon.

At St. John's Church, Hackney, by the Rev. G. Paronner, John King, Esq. Barrister at Law, of the Inner Temple, and Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Caroline Matilda Staple, of London Field, Hackney.

At St. James's Clerkenwell, by the Rev. Mr. Foster, Miss Mary Anne Reid, daughter of Mr. W. Hamilton Reid, to Mr. James Macpherson, of his Majesty's Royal Navy.

Died.—At the London Institution, of which he was Librarian, the Greek Professor, Porson, whose literary attainments and habitual excesses rendered him for many years the most exalted and the most humiliated of his species.—While we recollect the profundity and acuteness of his general knowledge, especially of his Grecian literature, which rendered him universally admitted throughout Europe to be the first Greek scholar of his age, and the almost inconceivable capaciousness and extensiveness of his memory, equally embracing the most low and sublime objects, we should be very severe moralists indeed were we not anxious to bury, in eternal oblivion, those infirmities which prevented his exhibiting to the world a genius which would probably have been more refined and more powerful than even the whole annals of literature have hitherto exhibited. He was found in a state of insensibility in St. Martin's-lane, on Tuesday, the 19th instant, five days preceding his decease; and remained in nearly the same state until his dissolution.

In Duke-street, St. James's, the gigantic Caledonian Highlander. He was 7 feet 4 inches high. He fought at Crown Point in America, in the year 1759, and when, by a wound he received from a slant hanger, part of his intestines was laid open, he, in this dreadful condition, killed two French soldiers and made an officer prisoner. This gallant action was rewarded by his present Majesty with a pension of 2s. a day for life.

At her house in James-street, Westminster, in the 45th year of her age, after a long and severe illness, the Hon. Miss Trefusis, sister to the late, and aunt to the present Lord Clinton. —Of her taste and genius the public have just seen a specimen, in several beautiful pieces of poetry. Great, however, as those qualities confessedly were, they equalled not her virtues. To the poor she was a liberal, and, if her circumstances be considered, a

munificent benefactress.—The tale of want never reached her in vain: and though it may be feared that she sometimes gave away unwisely, yet the purity of her motives always ennobled her bounty. As a companion she was pleasant, cheerful, and instructive; as a friend, faithful and affectionate; and one of the last acts or her innocent and benevolent life was to prove her tender attachment to her family, by bequeathing the residue of her once ample fortune to a beloved sister, to whom she was deservedly endeared.

At Richmond, at an advanced age, Mrs. Denn, widow of the late James Denn, Esq. and mother to the Right Hon. Lady Beauchamp.

After a long and painful illness, Lady Anne Rich, of Beaumont-street, Devonshire-place, widow of Admiral Sir Thomas Rich, Bart.

BARBADOES, *July* 19.—His Majesty's schooner Subtle arrived yesterday evening from off St. Martin's, where, with the Wanderer sloop of war, the Balahou and Elizabeth schooners, she had been engaged in an attempt to carry that island by a *coup-de-main*; but which they were frustrated in. The island had been long considered as a shelter to the numerous French privateers which infest the West Indies, and obstruct the trade of this country; it became then a desirable object to extirpate this nest of depredators. Our men soon obtained possession of the lower fort, of six guns, which were instantly spiked; their loss so far was trifling; but on ascending the rocky heights, covered with the prickly pear, the superiority of the enemy was very severely felt, as a number of brave fellows fell, among whom was Lieut. Spearing, their gallant leader, who was shot through the chest within ten yards of the upper fort, and almost instantly expired. His fall occasioned much consternation amongst his companions, who reluctantly retreated to their boats, but were obliged to surrender. Capt. Crofton, of the Wanderer, finding the fire from the fort so tremendous and incessant, sent a flag of truce on shore, which was accepted, and the whole of the prisoners who could be removed with safety were given up. Thus fell, in the prime of life, in a most daring and gallant attempt, a promising active Officer, whose long services in his profession certainly entitled him to the notice of his country; in whose cause he had received eleven wounds, particularly at the battle of Copenhagen, and in the West Indies, and closed a career of glory, animating his men by his example, on the batteries of St. Martin's. Nothing can better evince the admiration which even his enemies entertained of his conduct on this occasion, than the tribute conferred on his remains: he was interred with all the honours of war, the French Commandant himself attending, and also permitting part of the gallant crew of the Subtle to pay their last sad duty to their beloved Commander. It afterwards appeared, that the enemy had received information of the intended attack, and were prepared accordingly; upwards of 900 troops being in the fort, while the storming party consisted only of 135 men. Out of the 43 sent from the Subtle, seven were killed and 17 wounded.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

Downing-Street, Sept. 2, 1808.

Dispatches, of which the following are copies and extracts, were last night received from Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burrard, and Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, dated from Head-quarters at Lourinha, addressed to Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and brought by Captain Campbell, aid-du-camp to Sir Arthur Wellesley:—

Extract of a Letter from Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Wellesley, dated Head-quarters at Caldas, the 16th August.

I marched from Lyria on the 18th, and arrived at Alobacia on the 19th, which place the enemy had abandoned in the preceding night; and I arrived here yesterday. The enemy, about 4000 in number, were posted about ten miles from hence, at Borica; and they occupied Brilos, about three miles from hence, with their advanced posts. As the possession of this last village was important to our future operations, I determined to oc-

cupy it; and as soon as the British Infantry arrived upon the ground, I directed that it might be occupied by a detachment, consisting of four companies of riflemen of the 60th and 95th regiments. The enemy, consisting of a small piquet of infantry and a few cavalry, made a trifling resistance, and then retired: but they were followed by a detachment of our riflemen to the distance of three miles from Brilos. The riflemen were then attacked by a superior body of the enemy, who attempted to cut them off from the main body of the detachment to which they belonged, which had now advanced to their support: larger bodies of the enemy appeared on both the flanks of the detachment, and it was with difficulty that Major-General Spencer, who had gone out to Oebidos when he had heard that the riflemen had advanced in pursuit of the enemy, was enabled to effect their retreat to that village. They have since remained in possession of it, and the enemy have retired entirely from the neighbourhood. In this little affair of the advanced posts, which was occasioned solely by the eagerness of the troops in pursuit of the enemy, I am concerned to add, that Lieutenant Bunbury of the 2d battalion of the 95th was killed, and the Hon. Captain Pakenham wounded, but slightly; and we have lost 1 rank and file killed, 5 wounded, and 21 missing.

Head-Quarters at Villa Verde, Aug. 17.

MY LORD,—The French General Laborde having continued in his position at Roleia since my arrival at Caldas on the 15th instant, I determined to attack him in it this morning. Roleia is situated on an eminence, having a plain in its front, at the end of a valley, which commences at Caldas, and is closed to the southward by mountains, which join the hills, forming the valley on the left, looking from Caldas. In the centre of the valley, and about eight miles from Roleia, is the town and old Moorish fort of Oebidos, from whence the enemy's piquets had been driven on the 15th, and from that time he had posts in the hills on both sides of the valley, as well as in the plain in front of his army, which was posted on the heights in front of Roleia, its right resting upon the hills, its left upon an eminence on which was a windmill, and the whole covering four or five passes into the mountains in his rear.

I have reason to believe that his force consisted of at least 6000 men, of which about 500 were cavalry, with five pieces of cannon; and there was some reason to believe that General Loison, who was at Rio Major yesterday, would join General Laborde by his right in the course of the night.—The plan of attack was formed accordingly, and the army having broken up from Caldas this morning, was formed into three columns; the right, consisting of 1200 Portuguese Infantry and 50 Cavalry, destined to turn the enemy's left, and penetrate into the mountains in his rear: the left, consisting of Major-General Ferguson's and Brigadier-Gen. Bowes's brigades of Infantry, three companies of Riflemen, a brigade of Light Artillery, and 20 British and 20 Portuguese Cavalry, was destined under the command of Major-General Ferguson to ascend the hills at Oebidos, to turn all the enemy's posts on the left of the valley, as well as the right of his post at Roleia; this corps was also destined to watch the motions of General Loison, on the enemy's right, who, I had heard, had moved from Rio Major towards Alceontre last night. The centre column, consisting of Major-General Hill's, Brigadier-General Nightingale's, Brigadier-General Craufurd's, and Brigadier-General Fane's brigades, (with the exception of the Riflemen detached with Major-General Ferguson) and 400 Portuguese Light Infantry, the British and Portuguese Cavalry, a brigade of nine-pounders, and a brigade of six-pounders, were destined to attack General Laborde's position in front.

The columns being formed, the troops moved from Oebidos about seven o'clock in the morning. Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were immediately detached into the hills on the left of the valley, to keep up the communication between the centre and left columns, and to protect the march of the former along the valley; and the enemy's posts were successively driven in. Major-General Hill's brigade formed in three columns of

battalions, moved on the right of the valley, supported by the cavalry, in order to attack the enemy's left; and Brigadier-Generals Nightingale and Craufurd moved with the Artillery along the high road, until at length the former formed in the plain, immediately in the enemy's front, supported by the Light Infantry companies, and the 45th regiment of Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade, while the two other regiments of this brigade (the 50th and 91st) and half of the nine-pounder brigade were kept as a reserve in the rear.

Maj.-Gen. Hill and Brigadier-Gen. Nightingale advanced upon the enemy's position, and, at the same moment, Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were in the hills on his right; the Portuguese Infantry in a village upon his left; and Major-General Ferguson's column was descending from the heights into the plain. From this situation the enemy retired by the passes into the mountains with the utmost regularity and the greatest celerity; and notwithstanding the rapid advance of the British Infantry, the want of a sufficient body of cavalry was the cause of his suffering but little loss in the plain.

It was then necessary to make a disposition to attack the formidable position which he had taken up. Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were already in the mountains on his right, and no time was lost in attacking the different passes, as well to support the Riflemen as to defeat the enemy completely.

The Portuguese Infantry were ordered to move up a pass on the right of the whole; the light companies of Major-General Hill's brigade and the 5th regiment moved up a pass next on the right; and the 29th regiment, supported by the 9th regiment, under Brigadier-Gen. Nightingale, moved up a third pass; and the 45th and 82d regiments, passes on the left. These passes were all difficult of access, and some of them were well defended by the enemy, particularly that which was attacked by the 29th and 9th regiments. These regiments attacked with the greatest impetuosity, and reached the enemy before those whose attacks were to be made on their flanks: the defence of the enemy was desperate, and it was in this attack principally that we sustained the loss which we have to lament, particularly of that gallant officer the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, who distinguished himself upon this occasion. The enemy was, however, driven from all the positions he had taken in the passes of the mountains, and our troops were advanced in the plains on their tops. For a considerable length of time the 29th and 9th regiments alone were advanced to this point, with Brigadier-General Fane's Riflemen at a distance on the left, and they were afterwards supported by the 5th regiment, and by the light companies of Major-Gen. Hill's brigade, which had come up on their right; and by the other troops ordered to ascend the mountains, who came up by degrees. The enemy here made three most gallant attacks upon the 29th and 9th regiments, supported, as I have above stated, with a view to cover the retreat of his defeated army; in all of which he was, however, repulsed: but he succeeded in effecting his retreat in good order, owing principally to my want of cavalry, and secondly, to the difficulty of bringing up the passes of the mountains with celerity a sufficient number of troops and of cannon to support those which had first ascended. The loss of the enemy has, however, been very great; and he left three pieces of cannon in our hands.

I cannot sufficiently applaud the conduct of the troops throughout this action. The enemy's positions were formidable, and he took them up with his usual ability and celerity, and defended them most gallantly. But I must observe, that, although we had such a superiority of numbers employed in the operations of this day, the troops actually engaged in the heat of the action were, from unavoidable circumstances, only the 5th, 9th, 29th, the riflemen of the 95th and 60th, and the flank companies of Major-General Hill's brigade, being a number by no means equal to that of the enemy: their conduct, therefore, deserves the highest commendation.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

4 officers killed, 20 officers wounded, 4 officers missing; 3 non-commissioned officers and drummers killed,

20 non-commissioned officers and drummers wounded, 2 non-commissioned officers and drummers missing; 63 rank and file killed, 295 rank and file wounded, 68 rank and file missing; 1 horse killed, 2 horses wounded.—Total 482.

Head-Quarters at Lourinha, Aug. 18, 1808.

MY LORD,—Since I wrote to you last night, I have heard from Brigadier-General Anstruther, that he is on the coast of Piniche, with the fleet of victuallers and store-ships, in charge of Captain Bligh of the Alfred, with a part of the force detached from England under Brigadier-General Ackland, in consequence of the receipt of orders which I had left at Mondego Bay for General Ackland, which he had opened. I have ordered Brigadier-General Anstruther to land immediately, and I have moved to this place in order to protect his landing and facilitate his junction.

General Loison joined General Laborde in the course of last night at Torres Vedras; and I understand that both began their march towards Lisbon this morning. I also hear that General Junot has arrived this day at Torres Vedras, with a small corps from Lisbon; and I conclude that the whole of the French army will be assembled between Torres Vedras and the capital in the course of a few days.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

[The next letter is from Lieutenant-General Burrard, introducing the following one from Sir A. Wellesley, whose conduct he so highly approved, that he did not think it necessary to make any alteration of the disposition of the troops, upon his landing on the 21st.]

Vimiera, Aug. 21, 1808.

SIR,—I have the honour to report to you, that the enemy attacked us in our position at Vimiera this morning. The enemy first appeared at eight o'clock in large bodies of cavalry on our left upon the heights on the road to Lourinha; and it was soon obvious that the attack would be made upon our advanced guard, and the left of our position; and Major-General Ferguson's brigade was immediately moved across the ravine to the heights, on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon: he was followed successively by Brigadier-General Nightingale with his brigade, and three pieces of cannon; Brigadier-General Ackland, with his brigade; and Brigadier-General Bowes, with his brigade. These troops were formed (Major-General Ferguson's brigade in the first line; Brig.-Gen. Nightingale's in the second; and Brig.-Generals Bowes's and Ackland's, in columns, in the rear) on those heights, with their right upon the valley which leads into Vimiera; and their left upon the other ravine, which separates these heights from the range which terminates at the landing-place at Maceira. On these last-mentioned heights, the Portuguese troops, which had been in the bottom near Vimiera, were posted in the first instance, and they were supported by Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade.

The troops of the advanced guard on the height to the southward and eastward of the town were deemed sufficient for its defence, and Major-General Hill was moved to the centre of the mountain, on which the great body of the infantry had been posted, as a support to these troops, and as a reserve to the whole army. In addition to this support, these troops had that of the cavalry in the rear of their right.

The enemy's attack began in several columns upon the whole of the troops on this height; on the left they advanced, notwithstanding the fire of the riflemen, close to the 50th regiment, and were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of that corps. The 2d battalion 43d regiment was likewise closely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimiera; a part of that corps having been ordered into the church yard to prevent their penetrating into the town. On the right of the position they were repulsed by the bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was successfully supported by the second battalion 52d regiment, which, by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank. Besides this opposition given to the attack of the enemy on our advanced guard by their own exertions, they were attacked in flank by Brigadier-General Ackland's brigade, in its

advance to its position on the heights on the left, and a cannonade was kept up on the flank of the enemy's columns by the artillery on those heights.

At length, after a most desperate contest, the enemy was driven back in confusion from this attack, with the loss of seven pieces of cannon, many prisoners, and a great number of officers and soldiers killed and wounded. He was pursued by the detachment of the 20th Light Dragoons; but the enemy's cavalry were so much superior in numbers, that this detachment has suffered much, and Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor was unfortunately killed.

Nearly at the same time the enemy's attack commenced upon the heights on the road to Lourinha. This attack was supported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the usual impetuosity of the French troops. It was received with steadiness by Major-General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 36th, 40th, and 71st regiments; and these corps charged as soon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him, supported by the 82d, one of the corps of Brigadier-General Nightingale's brigade, which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the first line; by the 29th regiment, and by Brigadier-Generals Bowes's and Ackland's brigades, while Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade, and the Portuguese troops, in two lines, advanced along the height on the left. In the advance of Major-General Ferguson's brigade, six pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many prisoners, and vast numbers were killed and wounded.

The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover a part of his artillery, by attacking the 71st and 82d regiments, which were halted in a valley in which it had been taken. These regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley to the heights, where they halted, faced about, fired, and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him again to retire with great loss.

In this action, in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed under the command of the Duke D'Abrantes in person, in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and artillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, he has sustained a signal defeat, and has lost 13 pieces of cannon, 23 ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 rounds of musket ammunition. One General officer (Beniere) has been wounded and taken prisoner, and a great many officers and soldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken.

I have the honour to inclose herewith a return of the killed, wounded, and missing.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Harry Burrard.

N. B. Since writing the above, I have been informed that a French General officer, supposed to be General Thebault, the chief of the staff, has been found dead upon the field of battle. A. W.

1 lieut.-colonel, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 3 serjeants, 128 rank and file, 30 horses, killed; 3 majors, 10 captains, 19 lieutenants, 3 ensigns, 2 staff, 27 serjeants, 4 drummers, 466 rank and file, 12 horses, wounded; 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 2 drummers, 46 rank and file, 1 horse, missing.—Total, 783.

Return of Ordnance and Ammunition taken in the action of the 21st inst.

1 six-pounder, 4 four-pounders, 2 three-pounders, 6 five-and-half-inch howitzers, 2 ammunition waggons, 21 Portuguese ammunition cars, 40 horses, 4 mules. The above is only the number already received in the Park; but, from several accounts, there are eight more taken from the enemy. The ammunition waggons and cars contain a portion of powder, shells, and stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 lbs. musket ammunition.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

Downing Street, Sept. 16, 1808.

A dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was received yesterday evening from Lieut.-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, commanding His Majesty's troops in Portugal, addressed to Lord Vicount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State,

and brought by Captain Dalrymple, military secretary to Sir Hew Dalrymple.

Head Quarters, Cintra, Sept. 3, 1808.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that I landed in Portugal, and took the command of the army on Monday, the 22d of August, the next day after the battle of Vimiera, and where the enemy sustained a signal defeat, where the valour and discipline of British troops, and the talents of British Officers, were eminently displayed.

A few hours after my arrival, Gen. Kellerman came in with a flag of truce from the French General in Chief, in order to propose an agreement for a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of concluding a Convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops. The inclosed contains the several articles at first agreed upon and signed by Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Kellerman; but as this was done with a reference to the British Admiral, who, when the agreement was communicated to him, objected to the 7th article, which had for its object the disposal of the Russian fleet in the Tagus, it was finally concluded that Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General to the British army, and General Kellerman, should proceed to the discussion of the remaining articles, and finally to conclude a Convention for the evacuation of Portugal, subject to the ratification of the French General in Chief, and the British Commanders by sea and land.

After considerable discussion and repeated reference to me, which rendered it necessary for me to avail myself of the limited period latterly prescribed for the suspension of hostilities, in order to move the army forwards, and to place the several columns upon the routes by which they were to advance, the Convention was signed, and the ratification exchanged the 30th of last month.

That no time might be lost in obtaining anchorage for the transports and other shipping, which had for some days been exposed to great peril on this dangerous coast, and to insure the communication between the army and the victuallers, which was cut off by the badness of the weather and the surf upon the shore, I sent orders to the Buffs and the 42d Regiments, which were on board of transports with Sir Charles Cotton's fleet, to land and take possession of the forts on the Tagus, whenever the Admiral thought it proper to do so. This was accordingly carried into execution yesterday morning, when the forts of Cascais, St. Julien's, and Bugio, were evacuated by the French troops, and taken possession of by ours.

As I landed in Portugal entirely unacquainted with the actual state of the French army, and many circumstances of a local and incidental nature, which doubtless had great weight in deciding the question, my own opinion in favour of the expediency of expelling the French army from Portugal by means of the Convention the late defeat had induced the French General in Chief to solicit, instead of doing so by a continuation of hostilities, was principally founded on the great importance of time, which the season of the year rendered peculiarly valuable, and which the enemy could easily have consumed in the protracted defence of the strong places they occupied, had terms of Convention been refused them.

When the suspension of arms was agreed upon, the army under the command of Sir John Moore had not arrived, and doubts were even entertained whether so large a body of men could be landed on an open and a dangerous beach; and that being effected, whether the supply of so large an army with provisions from the ships could be provided for, under all the disadvantages to which the shipping were exposed. During the negotiation, the former difficulty was overcome by the activity, zeal, and intelligence of Captain Malcolm of the Donegal, and the officers and men under his orders, but the possibility of the latter seems to have been at an end, nearly at the moment when it was no longer necessary.

Captain Dalrymple, of the 18th Dragoons, my military secretary, will have the honour of delivering to your lordship this dispatch. He is fully informed of whatever has been done under my orders, relative to the service on which I have been employed,

and can give any explanation thereupon that may be required.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) HEW DALRYMPLE,
Lieut-General.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount
Castlereagh, &c. &c. &c.

(Translation.)

SUSPENSION of Arms agreed upon between Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B. on the one part, and the General of Division Kellerman, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Order of the Iron Crown, and Grand Cross of the Order of the Lion of Bavaria, on the other part; each having powers from the respective Generals of the French and English Armies.

Head-Quarters of English Army, Aug. 22.

Art. I. There shall be, from this date, a suspension of arms between the armies of his Britannic Majesty and his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon I. for the purpose of negociating a Convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French Army.

II. The Generals in Chief of the two armies, and the Commander in Chief of the British Fleet at the entrance of the Tagus, will appoint a day to assemble on such part of the coast as shall be judged convenient, to negociate and conclude the said Convention.

III. The river of Sirandre shall form the line of demarcation to be established between the two armies; Torres Vedras shall not be occupied by either.

IV. The General in Chief of the English army undertakes to include the Portuguese armies in this suspension of arms, and for them the line of demarcation shall be established from Leira to Thomar.

V. It is agreed provisionally that the French army shall not, in any case, be considered as prisoners of war; that all the individuals who compose it shall be transported to France with their arms and baggage, and the whole of their private property, from which nothing shall be excepted.

VI No individual, whether Portuguese, or of a nation allied to France, or French, shall be called to account for his political conduct, their respective property shall be protected, and they shall be at liberty to withdraw from Portugal within a limited time, with their property.

VII. The neutrality of the port of Lisbon shall be recognised for the Russian fleet—that is to say, that when the English army or fleet shall be in possession of the city and port, the said Russian fleet shall not be disturbed during its stay, nor stopped when it wishes to sail, nor pursued when it shall sail, until after the time fixed by the maritime laws.

VIII. All the artillery of French calibre, and also the horses of the cavalry, shall be transported to France.

IX. This Suspension of Arms shall not be broken without forty-eight hours previous notice.

Done and agreed upon between the above-named Generals, the day and year above-mentioned.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.
KELLERMAN, Gen. of Division.

Additional Article.

The garrison of the places occupied by the French army shall be included in the present Convention, if they have not capitulated before the 25th inst.

DEFINITIVE CONVENTION.

The Generals commanding in chief the British and French Armies in Portugal, having determined to negotiate and conclude a treaty for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops, on the basis of the agreement entered into, on the 22d instant, for a suspension of hostilities, have appointed the under-mentioned officers to negotiate the same in their names, viz.—On the part of the General in Chief of the British army, Lieut.-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General; and on the part of the General in Chief of the French army, Monsieur Kellermann, General of Division; to whom they have given authority to negotiate and conclude a Convention to that effect, subject to their ratification respectively, and to that of the Admiral commanding the British fleet at the entrance of the Tagus.

Those two officers, after exchanging their full powers, have agreed upon the Articles which follow:—

Art. I. All the places and forts in Portugal, occupied by the French troops, shall be delivered up to the British army in the state in which they are at the period of the signature of the present convention.

II. The French troops shall evacuate Portugal with their arms and baggage; they shall not be considered as prisoners of war, and on their arrival in France, they shall be at liberty to serve.

III. The English Government shall furnish the means of conveyance for the French army, which shall be disembarked in any of the ports of France between Rochefort and L'Orient inclusively.

IV. The French army shall carry with it all its artillery of French calibre, with the horses belonging to it, and the tumbrils,

supplied with sixty rounds per gun. All other artillery, arms and ammunition, as also the military and naval arsenals, shall be given up to the British Army and Navy, in the state in which they may be at the period of the ratification of the convention.

V. The French army shall carry with it all its equipments, and all that is comprehended under the name of property of the army; that is to say, its military chest, and carriages attached to the Field Commissariat and Field Officers, or shall be allowed to dispose of such part of the same on its account as the Commander in Chief may judge it unnecessary to embark. In like manner all individuals of the army shall be at liberty to dispose of their private property of every description, with full security hereafter for the purchasers.

VI. The cavalry are to embark their horses, as also the Generals and other Officers of all ranks. It is, however, fully understood that the means of conveyance for horses at the disposal of the British Commanders are very limited; some additional conveyance may be procured in the port of Lisbon; the number of horses to be embarked by the troops shall not exceed six hundred, and the number embarked by the staff shall not exceed two hundred. At all events, every facility will be given to the French army to dispose of the horses belonging to it which cannot be embarked.

VII. In order to facilitate the embarkation, it shall take place in three divisions. The first division shall embark within seven days of the date of the ratification, or sooner, if possible.

VIII. The garrison of Elvas, and its forts, and of Peniche and Palmela, will be embarked at Lisbon. That of Almaida at Oporto, or the nearest harbour. They will be accompanied on their march by British commissaries, charged with providing for their subsistence and accommodation.

IX. All the sick and wounded who cannot be embarked are entrusted to the British army. They are to be taken care of at the expense of the British government, under the condition of the same being reimbursed by France when the final evacuation is effected. The English government will provide for their return to France. A sufficient number of French medical officers shall be left behind to attend them.

X. As soon as the vessels employed to carry the army to France shall have disembarked it, every facility shall be given them to return to England without delay, and security against capture until their arrival in a friendly port.

XI. The French army shall be concentrated in Lisbon, and within two leagues from it. The English army will approach within three leagues of the capital, and will be so placed as to leave about one league between the two armies.

XII. The forts of St. Julien, the Bugio and Cascais, shall be occupied by the British troops on the ratification of the convention. Lisbon and its citadel, together with the forts and batteries as far as the Lazaretto or Trafuria on one side, and Fort St. Joseph on the other, inclusively, shall be given up on the embarkation of the second division, as shall also the harbour and all armed vessels in it of every description, with their rigging, stores, and ammunition The fortresses of Elvas, Almaida, Peniche, and Palmela, shall be given up as soon as the British troops can arrive to occupy them.

XIII. Commissaries shall be named on both sides, to regulate and accelerate the execution of the arrangements.

XIV. Should there arise doubts as to the meaning of any article, it will be explained favourably to the French army.

XV. From the date of the ratification of the present convention, all arrears of contributions, requisitions, or claims whatever, of the French government, against subjects of Portugal, or any other individuals residing in this country, founded on the occupation of Portugal by the French troops in the month of December 1807, which may not have been paid up, are cancelled, and all sequestrations laid upon their property, are removed, and the free disposal of the same is restored to the proper owners.

XVI. All subjects of France, or of powers in friendship or alliance with France, in this country, shall be protected. Their property of every kind shall be respected, and they shall be at liberty either to accompany the French army, or to remain in Portugal. In either case their property is guaranteed to them, with the liberty of retaining or of disposing of it, and passing the produce of the sale thereof into France, or any other country where they may fix their residence, the space of one year being allowed them for that purpose.

It is fully understood that the shipping is excepted from this arrangement, only, however, in so far as regards leaving the port, and that none of the stipulations above-mentioned can be made the pretext of any commercial speculations.

XVII. No native of Portugal shall be rendered accountable for his political conduct during the period of the occupation of this country by the French army; and all those who have continued in the exercise of their employments, or who have accepted situations under the French government are placed under the protection of the British Commanders; they shall suffer no injury in their persons or property, if not having been at their option to be obedient

or not, to the French government; they are also at liberty to avail themselves of the stipulations of the 16th article.

XVIII. The Spanish troops detained on board ship in the port of Lisbon, shall be given up to the Commander in Chief of the British Army, who engages to obtain of the Spaniards to restore such French subjects, either military or civil, as may have been detained in Spain, without being taken in battle, or in consequence of military operations, but on occasion of the occurrences of the 29th of last May, and the days immediately following.

XIX. There shall be an immediate exchange established for all ranks of prisoners made in Portugal since the commencement of the present hostilities.

XX. Hostages of the rank of Field Officers shall be mutually furnished on the part of the British army and navy, and on that of the French army, for the reciprocal guarantee of the present Convention. The Officer of the British army shall be restored on the completion of the articles which concern the Army; and the Officer of the Navy on the disembarkation of the French troops in their own country. The like is to take place on the part of the French army.

XXI. It shall be allowed to the General in Chief of the French army, to send an Officer to France with intelligence of the present Convention. A vessel will be furnished by the British Admiral to convey him to Bourdeaux or Rochefort.

XXII. The British Admiral will be invited to accommodate his Excellency the Commander in Chief, and the other principal Officers of the French army, on board ships of war.

Done and concluded at Lisbon, this 30th day of August, 1808.

G. Murray, Quart.-Mast.-Gen.
Kellerman, Gen. of Division.

The Duke of Abrantes, General in Chief of the French army, have ratified, and do ratify, the present Definitive Convention in all its articles, to be executed according to its form and tenor.

The Duke of Abrantes.

Additional Articles.

Art. I. The individuals of the civil employment of the army made prisoners, either by the British or Portuguese, will be restored without exchange.

II. The French army shall be subsisted from its own magazines up to the day of embarkation; the garrisons up to the day of evacuation. The remainder of the magazines shall be delivered over in the usual form to the British government, which charges itself with the subsistence of the men and horses of the army, from the above mentioned periods till their arrival in France under the condition of their being reimbursed by the French government for the excess of the expence beyond the estimation to be made by both parties, of the value of the magazines delivered up to the British army. The provisions on board the ships of war, in possession of the French army, will be taken on account of the British government, in like manner with the magazines in the fortresses.

III. The General commanding the British troops will take the necessary measures for re-establishing the free circulation of the means of subsistence between the country and the capital.

Admiralty Office, Sept. 16, 1808.

Captain Halsted, First Captain to the squadron under the command of Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels on the coast of Portugal, arrived yesterday at this office, with dispatches from the Admiral to the Honourable William Wellesley Pole, of which the following are copies:—

Hibernia, off the Tagus, Sept. 3, 1808.

Sir,—Inclosed herewith, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, is a copy of a Convention, entered into by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, and General Kellermann, for the evacuation of Portugal by the French army; such Convention having been ratified by Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, myself, and the French Commander in Chief. British troops, consisting of the 3d and 42d regiments, were on the 2d inst. landed, to occupy the forts of Cascais, St. Antonio, St. Julien, and the Bugio, and no time shall be lost to embark the French troops, agreeably to the said Convention.

Captain Halsted, First Captain of this ship, and Captain of the Fleet, who is bearer of dispatches to their lordships respecting the Russian squadron in the Tagus, is in full possession of my confidence, and will be able to explain to their lordships the motives inducing me to ratify the Convention in question, as well as give any further information that may be thought necessary.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. Cotton.

Hon W. Wellesley Pole, &c. &c.

Hibernia, off the Tagus, Sept. 4, 1808.

SIR,—Herewith I have the honour to inclose to you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a copy of a Convention entered into by me with Vice-Admiral Seniavin, commanding the Russian fleet in the Tagus; by which it will appear to their lordships that such fleet has been surrendered to me, to be held by his Majesty as a deposit until six months after the conclusion of a peace between Russia and England.

I have charged Captain Halsted, First Captain of the Hibernia, and Captain of the Fleet, with the delivery of this dispatch to their lordships; he was sent by me to negotiate the Convention with Vice-Admiral Seniavin, and will be able to explain every particular.

To Captain Halsted I feel greatly indebted for his able advice and assistance upon all points of service; his zeal and diligence have been exemplary, and entitle him to my highest commendation.

Rear Admiral Tyler has been directed to superintend the first division of the Russian fleet, which I purpose ordering under his protection immediatly to Spithead; to him (since with me) I have been indebted for every assistance, and to the Captains, Officers, and crews, of those ships that have been employed throughout a tediously protracted blockade (by whom every exertion has been made with a degree of cheerfulness doing them infinite honour), I feel extremely grateful, and deem it my duty to offer every possible testimony of my approbation in their favour.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. COTTON.

Honourable W. W. Pole, &c. &c.

ARTICLES of a Convention entered into between Vice-Admiral Seniavin, and Admiral Sir C. Cotton, for the surrender of the Russian Fleet.

Art. I. The ships of war of the Emperor of Russia, now in the Tagus, as specified in the annexed list; shall be delivered up to Admiral Sir C. Cotton, immediately, with all their stores as they now are; to be sent to England, and there held as a deposit by his Britannic Majesty, to be restored to his Imperial Majesty, within six months after the conclusion of a peace between his Britannic Majesty and his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.

II. Vice-Admiral Seniavin, with the officers, sailors, and marines, under his command, to return to Russia, without any condition or stipulation respecting their future services; to be conveyed there in men of war, or proper vessels, at the expence of his Britannic Majesty.

Done and concluded on board the ship Twerday, in the Tagus, and on board his Britannic Majesty's ship Hibernia, off the mouth of that river, the 3d of September.

(Signed) DE SENIAVIN.
(Signed) CHARLES COTTON.

List of the Ships.

Twerday, Vice-Admiral Seniavin, Capitain du premier rang Mayloff, of 74 guns, and 756 men.
Skoroy, Capitain du premier rang Schelling, of 60 guns, and 524 men.
St. Helene, Capitain du second rang Bitchenskoy, of 64 guns, and 598 men.
S. Cafael, Capitain du second rang Roshnoff, of 74 guns, and 610 men.
Ratvizan, Capitain du second rang Rtishchoff, of 66 guns, and 549 men.
Silnoy, Captain-Lieutenant Malygruin, of 74 guns, and 604 men.
Motchnoy, Captain-Lieutenant Rassvoscoff, of 74 guns, and 689 men.
Rafael, Captain-Lieutenant Bytchenskoy, of 80 guns, and 640 men.
Fregatte Kilduyn, Captain-Lieut. Dournoff, of 26 guns, and 228 men.
Yarowslayl, Capitain du second rang Milkoff, of 74 guns, and 567 men.
Total 5685 men.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

DIED.] Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, son of Dr. Taylor, of Reading.—This gallant Officer, at the head of a small body of cavalry, defeated and pursued a numerous force of the enemy, at the late batte of Vimiera, in Portugal, and drove them into a wood, where they were reinforced, and rallied for a short time, when he was shot thro' the heart. This distinguished and amiable character was enthusiastically fond of his profession, in which he had been actively engaged, during the last and present wars, in the severest service on the continent. He was rising fast to the highest eminence, and the greatest expectations were formed from

his skilful and incessant exertions. It is some consolation to his afflicted friends and to his country, that he died in the moment of victory, in an action on which the fate of the British army in Portugal depended. The charge of the 20th Light Dragoons, in which they were led on by Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, and in which he fell, is stated to have been most masterly. The steady discipline of the 20th, and the gallantry by which they distinguished themselves in this glorious action, are the best proofs of the merits of this excellent Officer. He has left a most amiable widow, the daughter of J. Baker, Esq. one of the representatives for Canterbury, and three children to lament their irreparable loss, and dwell with fond and lasting remembrance on his virtue.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

At the sale of Mr. Tharp's flock of Southdown sheep, at Chippenham, last week, some shearling ewes produced 74l. per score; crones 37l. per score; and some stock ewes 59l. per score.

CORNWALL.

The greatest quantity of fish ever known, particularly pilchards, was caught the beginning of this month, in Mount's Bay. Upwards of 10,000 hogsheads of the latter were landed at St. Ives, and sold at 10d. the cart-load, for manure. Turbot fetched only from 1d. to 2d. per lb. The inferior fish were not worth catching.

DURHAM.

At Bedlington Furnace, in the 98th year of his age, Serjeant William M'Anglish. He was born in the English army, and served several campaigns with it in Germany. Having received an honourable discharge on account of his wounds, he entered into the employment of his late master, Mr. Hawkes, where he continued near half a century, cheerfully discharging the duties of a faithful, honest, and grateful servant.

ESSEX.

Died.] At Chelmsford, John Judd, Esq. This gentleman had directed by his will, and made it a particular request to his friends, that, upon his decease, his body should be immediately dressed in the clothes he usually wore, and, in that state, deposited in his coffin. This desire has been strictly complied with, and the remains of Mr. Judd, instead of a shroud, are covered with his best suit of clothes; a blue coat, boots, and a hat, form part of the funeral apparel.

NORFOLK.

Died.] At his house in St. Gregory's, in Norwich, in the 49th year of his age, Dr Richard Lubbock, after a most painful and protracted illness, which he bore with a manly and dignified patience. It is almost superfluous to say, that he was pre-eminent in his profession; that he possessed for many years the public confidence to an unexampled degree; and that in extensive usefulness, in skilful, liberal, and humane practice, he has been equalled by few; for this, and much more, has already been unequivocally expressed by the late anxious and countless enquiries concerning him, and by the honourable interest which has so generally been excited during the whole progress of his fatal illness.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Froxfield, the Rev. Clement Cruttwell; a gentleman whose various literary performances, for labour, extent, and utility, have rarely been equalled, and, when regarded as the productions of an unassisted valetudinarian, have perhaps never been surpassed.

SUFFOLK.

Died.] At Tattingstone-Place, in his 88th year, Thomas White, Esq. in whom the poor have lost an active friend, and the constitution of his country a firm supporter. He served the office of High Sheriff in the year 1749, and was again nominated to that office in the year 1794.

At Rendlesham, Peter Isaac Thelluson, Baron Rendlesham, of Rendlesham. His lordship was on a shooting party, at his seat near Woodbridge, when he suddenly fell off his horse, and expired. His lordship was in his forty-seventh year; he enjoyed his title but two years and a half. He married Miss Cornwall, of Hendon, in Middlesex, who survives him, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, John, now Lord Rendlesham, who has just attained his 23d year. His Lordship has left several other children.

At the Secretary's Lodge, Phœnix

Park, Dublin, aged 63, James Trail, Esq. under secretary for the Civil Department to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, late of Hadleigh, and member for Dunwich, in this county, during the last parliament.

At Bury, in his 44th year, much regretted, Dr. William Hamilton, physician, author of "Observations on the Preparation and Utility of the Digitalis Purpurea, or Foxglove," and some other medical tracts.

In Chelsea Hospital, aged 81, Mr. Jonathan Keeling, formerly a tailor of Bury, and who had served in the battle of Minden.

At Wickham-Market, deeply lamented by her relatives and friends, Mrs. Cole, relict of the Rev. Denny Cole, of Pettistree, and mother of Mrs. Johnson, wife of the Rev. C. Johnson, of Bildeston.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Rugley, near Birmingham, aged 84 years, William Henry Lyttleton, Lord Lyttleton, and Baron Frankley in Worcestershire.—This venerable Peer was the youngest brother of five of the justly-celebrated George, first Lord Lyttleton, who was equally eminent for his genius and his virtues. The late peer was many years known as Lord Westcote, of Ireland; was long in active political life, and was successively governor of the colony of Virginia and of the island of Jamaica. He was created an Irish Peer, by the title of Baron Westcote, by Lord North; and was included in one of the last batches of the Pitt administration, as Baron Lyttleton, in England, which title had some time since become extinct, on the demise of his lordship's nephew. He has left two sons—George Fulke, now Lord Lyttleton; and the Hon. W. H. Lyttleton, M.P. for Worcestershire; and one daughter, the Lady of that classical and accomplished Baronet, Sir Richard Colt Hoare.

WILTSHIRE.

Wilton St. Giles's great Sheep Fair was held on Monday, the 12th of September, and the situation, arrangements, and accommodations of the Fair, exceed any thing of the kind in England. The number of sheep penned amounted to 65,000. The sales were dull on sheep that were not in condition: but fleshy and good South Downs, horned wethers and lambs, sold briskly, and full 3*s.* per head dearer than at the last Britford Fair. Wethers fetched from 28*s.* to 45*s.* per head; ewes from 19*s.* to 34*s.* per head; and lambs from 12*s.* to 23*s.* per head. Mr. Budden, of Lainstone Farm, near Cranborne, obtained the high price of 28*s.* per head for South Down lambs; and Mr. Selfe, of Witchbury Farm, near Salisbury, 27*s.* per head for 200 South Down lambs. There was a very large shew of Merino South Down and Cottiswold rams from choice flocks. The number of horses was great, and those that were good sold very high.

SCOTLAND.

Died.] At Merchieston bank, near Edinburgh, in the 86th year of his age, John Home, Esq. of Kilduff. This gentleman was the last, with the exception of Dr. Adam Ferguson, of that constellation of literary characters in Scotland, by whom the cause of general science and literature has been so much advanced in the last century.

At Otter House, Argyllshire, on the 27th of August, Anne, and on Thursday, Sept. 1st, Jane Eliza, daughters of Capt. D. Campbell; and, on the same day, Elliott, his youngest son.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.—*Sept.* 21, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 116*l.* per Cent.
East-India ditto, 121*l.* ditto.
West-India ditto, 159*l.* ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 127*l.* per share.
Grand Junction Canal, 129*l.* ditto.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l.* ditto. [prem.
Imperial Fire Insurance, 5*l.* per cent.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 115*l.* per cent.
Albion ditto ditto, 2*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto ditto, 25*s.* per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 5*s.* ditto.
East London Water-works, 45*l.* prem.
West Middlesex ditto, 115*l.* per Share.
South London ditto, 45*l.* per Share prem.
Golden-Lane Brewery, 80*l.* per share
London Institution, 84*gs.* per share
Commercial Road, 116*l.* per Share
Kennett and Avon, 5*l.* per Share prem.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE wheat harvest which is now well got in in the midland, the maritime, and the northern counties, has surpassed expectation. The crops in general have been strong and abundant, and the grain of good quality. The harvest in the north has been the earliest ever remembered; the crops there have been unusually heavy. The productive power of the soil in the higher situations has been astonishingly improved by the judicious use of lime.

Beans have proved a middling crop; but pease have wanted rain. Turnips where well managed have flourished pretty well. Owing to the extreme breadth of land, which during last spring was planted with potatoes, the winter crops appear very promising.

Hops generally continue promising.

The prices of lean stock have advanced considerably.

Beef, in Smithfield market, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.; mutton, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; pork, 5s. to 6s.

Middlesex, September 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Sept. 17, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	91	0	52	0	45	5	38	5
Surrey	93	4	50	4	47	0	42	2
Hertford	83	4	45	6	43	9	37	2
Bedford	83	2	51	7	46	0	39	8
Huntin.	83	8			40	0	30	0
Northa.	79	0	42	10	39	0	34	10
Rutland	85	6			47	0	34	6
Leicest	82	0			40	0	35	11
Notting.	90	4	57	0	42	0	34	8
Derby	90	8					37	10
Stafford	80	2			43	2	36	3
Salop	82	10	53	4	42	0	35	7
Herefor.	78	9	44	8	34	5	34	5
Wor'st.	84	2			40	7	42	2
Warwic	85	0			44	11	41	0
Wilts	88	10			46	8	42	2
Berks	92	1	54	6	46	6	42	6
Oxford	84	9			42	10	39	10
Bucks	85	9			48	0	40	9
Brecon	80	0	54	4	41	7	32	0
Montgo.	77	4					34	5
Radnor.	78	9			37	8	31	7

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	87	8	47	9	43	3	41	0
Kent	88	5	47	0	44	3	41	3
Sussex	81	4			44	0	41	2
Suffolk	82	8	48	4	37	2	35	1
Cambridge	82	6	51	6	39	6	31	9
Norfolk	82	7			38	6	31	0
Lincoln	87	6	51	8	43	10	31	0
York	89	8			43	7	33	10
Durham	96	7					30	3
Northumberland	92	2	68	4	45	0	30	10
Cumberland	90	2	66	0	49	0	36	5
Westmorland	98	5	64	0	43	4	32	2
Lancaster	81	10			40	9	33	4
Chester	75	3					33	0
Flint	77	9			47	0	28	4
Denbigh	88	2			46	4	36	9
Anglesea					42	0		
Carnarvon	84	0			41	4	33	6
Merioneth	86	9			44	6	26	4
Cardigan	83	0			40	9	24	0
Pembroke	77	4			44	7	24	0
Carmarthen	86	6			44	0	24	0
Glamorgan	74	7			41	4	24	0
Gloucester	85	11			36	2	38	0
Somerset	81	11			37	0	33	4
Monmouth	82	5			38	4	29	4
Devon	76	4			33	7	28	2
Cornwall	74	6			38	0	26	2
Dorset	77	8			40	0		
Hants	81	8			43	8	39	2

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 84s. 1d.; Rye 52s. 9d.; Barley 42s. 2d.; Oats 34s 5d.; Beans 63s. 4d.; Pease 60s. 6d.; Oatmeal 49s. 7d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from AUGUST 24, to SEPT. 27, 1808.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.			Between				
Males 968	} 1896		Males, 977	} 1939			2 and 5 - 230		60 and 70	104
Females 928			Females 962				5 and 10 - 85		70 and 80 -	78
Whereof have died under two years old		729					10 and 20 - 70		80 and 90 -	37
							20 and 30 - 105		90 and 100 -	6
							30 and 40 - 164			
							40 and 50 - 130			
							50 and 60 - 141			

Peck Loaf, 4s. 3d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 6d. 4s. 10d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb. [4s. 11d.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from AUGUST 27, 1808, to SEPTEMBER 24, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock	3 p Cent Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct.	Long Anns.	4 p. Ct. Scrip.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
Aug																			
27	——	65⅞ 66⅛	66¾	83⅛	98⅜	——	18 9-16ths	¾ dis.	——	7⅛	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	6s. pm	——	66⅜ ⅝
29	——	66 ¼	66¾	83⅞	98⅜	——	18⅝	1 dis.	65¾	——	——	——	72⅜	——	——	4s. pm.	6s. pm	——	66⅜ ⅝
30	——	65⅞ 66¼	66¾	83⅞	98	——	18⅝	1 dis.	65¾	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	5s. pm.	6s. pm	——	66⅜ ⅝
31	239½	65½ ¾	66⅜	82¾	97⅝	——	18½	1½ dis.	65¼	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅛ ¼
Sep																			
1	239½	65⅝ ¾	66⅜	82⅝	97¾	——	18½	1½ dis.	——	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	178	4s. pm	6s. pm.	——	66⅛ ¼
2	holiday																		
3	240	66 ⅛	66¾	Shut	98	——	18 9-16ths	1 dis.	——	——	97½	——	——	——	177¾	4s. pm	6s. pm	——	66⅜ ½
5	240	65¾ 66	66¾	Do.	98	——	18½	1½ dis	65½	——	Shut	——	——	——	178	4s. pm	6s. pm	——	66⅜ ½
6	240¾	66 66	66⅝	Do.	98	——	Shut	1½ dis	——	——	——	——	71½	——	178½	4s. pm.	6s. pm	——	66⅜
7	——	66⅛ ⅜	66⅞	Do.	98⅜	——	Do.	1 dis.	66	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	6s. pm	——	66⅜ ½
8	——	66⅜ ⅝	67⅛	Do.	98½	——	Do.	¾ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞ 67⅛
9	——	66⅝ ¾	Shut	Do.	98⅝	——	Do.	¾ dis.	66¼	——	——	——	72	——	——	4s pm.	6s. pm	——	66⅞ ⅞
10	——	66⅞ ⅞	Do.	Do.	98⅝	——	Do.	¾ dis.	——	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞
12	——	66⅝ ¾	Do.	Do.	98½	——	Do.	¾ dis.	——	——	——	——	72	——	——	3s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞ ⅞
13	——	66⅝ ¾	Do.	Do.	98⅜	——	Do.	¾ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	179	2s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞ 67
14	——	66⅝ ¾	Do.	Do.	98⅝	——	Do.	¾ dis.	66⅜	——	——	——	——	——	——	2s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞ 67⅛
15	——	66⅝ ¾	Do.	Do.	98¼	——	Do.	1¼ dis	——	7⅜	——	——	——	——	178	3s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞ 67
16	——	66⅝ ¾	Do.	Do.	98⅜	——	Do.	1¼ dis.	66¼	7⅜	——	——	——	——	179	2s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞ 67
17	——	66⅝ ¾	Do.	Do.	98⅜	——	Do.	1¼ dis.	66¼	7⅜	——	——	——	——	——	2s. pm.	6s. pm.	——	66⅞ ¾
19	——	66¼ ½	Do.	Do.	98½	——	Do.	1¼ dis.	66⅛	7⅜	——	——	——	——	——	2s pm.	5s. pm.	——	66⅞ ⅝
20	——	66 ¼	Do.	Do.	98⅛	——	Do.	2⅛ dis.	——	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	1s. pm.	4s. pm	——	66¼ ½
21	holiday																		
22	Do.																		
23	Shut	65⅞ 66⅛	Do.	Do.	98	——	Do.	2⅛ dis.	65¾	——	——	——	71½	——	——	Par.	3s. pm.	——	66⅛ ¼
24	Do.	65⅝ ⅞	Do.	Do.	97⅞	——	Do.	2¼ dis.	——	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	1 dis.	3s. pm.	——	66 ⅛

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.